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THIS skeleton of a hen, drawn by George Stubbs (1724-1806), comes from his "A Comparative Anatomical Exposition of the Structure of the Human Body with that of a Tiger and a common Fowl". Stubbs himself taught anatomy; and worked with the greatest anatomists and surgeons of his time. Since those days, the practice of surgery has made enormous progress and with it has marched a corresponding advance in veterinary and agricultural knowledge. Outstanding examples are the perfection of animal feeding

stuffs and artificial fertilizers. To distribute the great quantities of these materials used today a strong, light and hygienic form of packaging is needed. The multiwall paper sack, of which millions are made every year by Bowaters, provides the answer. The sacks are non-returnable; and are destroyed after use. So one of the agents for the spreading of agricultural diseases is checked. Thus yet another branch of the Bowater Organisation helps to prosper the mechanics of science.

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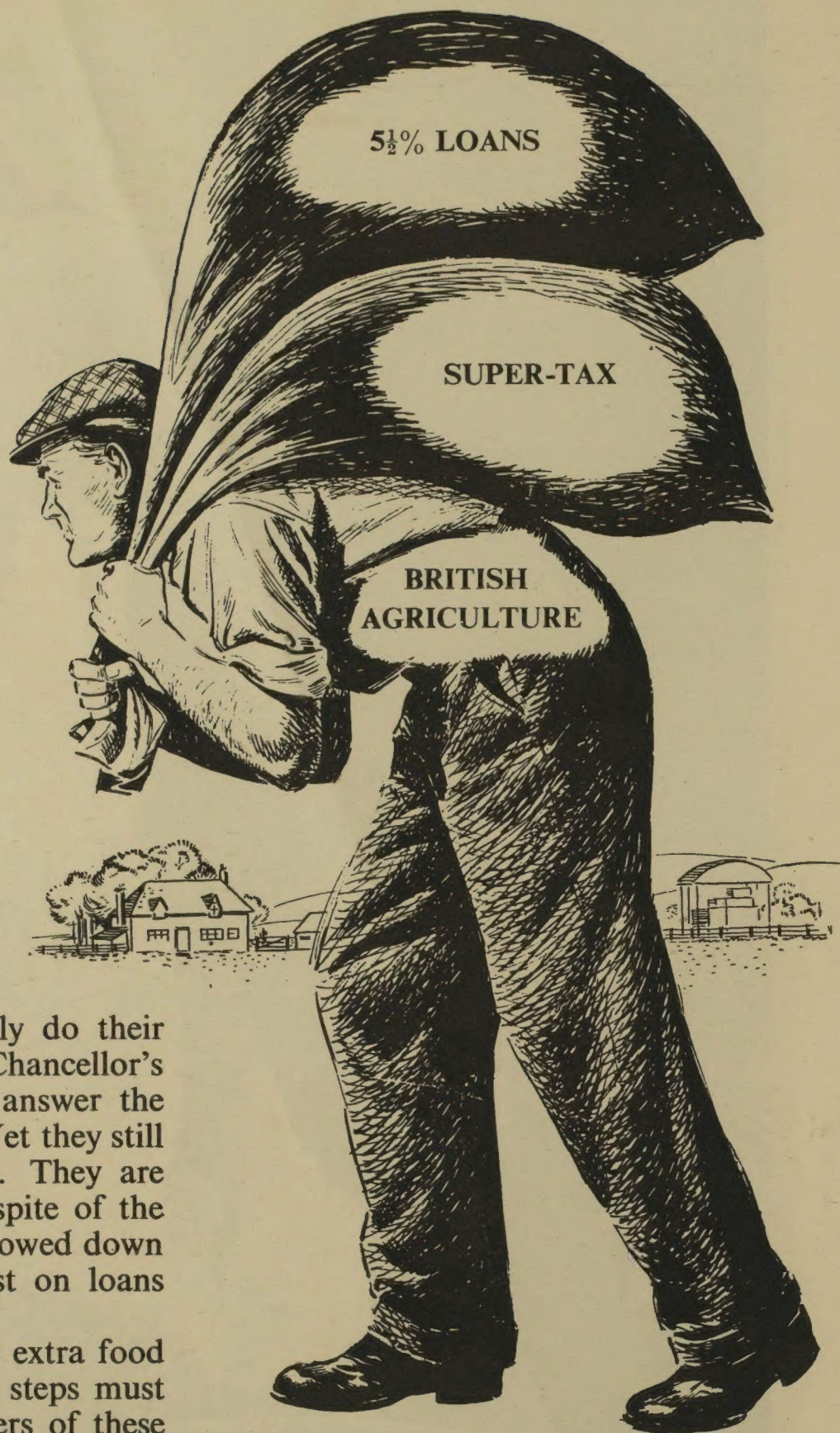
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MORE AID,

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The farmers will undoubtedly do their best to respond to the Chancellor's "Incentive Budget" and to answer the nation's cry for more food. Yet they still labour under heavy burdens. They are still crippled by taxation in spite of the Budget concessions, and are bowed down by unnecessarily high interest on loans at 5½%.

If we are serious about the extra food we urgently need, immediate steps must be taken to relieve our farmers of these burdens. Some form of taxation relief equivalent to the removal of the Excess Profits Levy from industry must be given. How is a farmer farming good land, yet suffering from the full rate of super-tax, to contribute his share to progress? How is the small farmer on difficult land, who does not make enough even to benefit from the income-tax cut, to pull his weight? Long-term loans at low interest must be made available to all. When

primary food production is so important, how can we explain away the fact that loans to agriculture have actually fallen, while advances to engineering, for example, have risen by about 20%? Yet all other industries are indirectly dependent on agriculture!

To establish a sound economy, to wring from our land the extra food we need now, these things must be done — for all our sakes.

GROW MORE FOOD IN BRITAIN

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1953.



WINNERS OF THE KING GEORGE V. CUP FOR THE THIRD TIME: LIEUT.-COLONEL LLEWELLYN AND FOXHUNTER, WHO TOGETHER HAVE MADE BRITISH HISTORY IN INTERNATIONAL SHOW JUMPING.

On July 22 Lieut.-Colonel Harry Llewellyn and *Foxhunter* won the King George V. Cup at the International Horse Show, White City, for the third time. There can be no more deservedly famous rider and horse of this generation. The tale of Lieut.-Colonel Llewellyn's successes with *Foxhunter* begins in 1948, when they won the King George V. Cup for the first time. They were awarded it again in 1950, and this year brings their third victory in the great event. *Foxhunter* was a member of the British Olympic Team at Wembley in 1948, and was one of the great Team which won the Grand Prix de Nations in the Olympic Games at

Helsinki last year. He was a member of the British Team which won the Prince of Wales' Cup at the White City in 1949, 1950, 1951 and 1952, and again this year; and has captured major awards in Paris, Nice, Dublin, Lucerne, Vichy, New York, Toronto and Ostend. Lieut.-Colonel Harry Llewellyn, the splendid horseman who has ridden *Foxhunter* so often to victory, has been captain of the British International Show Jumping Team, 1949-52. On another page he is shown receiving the King George V. Cup from the Queen, who, with the Duke of Edinburgh, saw him win last week. Captain Tubridy (Ireland) was runner-up on *Red Castle*.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A FEW weeks ago I found myself standing in the cloisters at Salisbury Cathedral. I had stumbled on them almost unawares. Having known Salisbury since I was a child and passed through it on hundreds of occasions, frequently visiting the cathedral either for services or in the company of someone who wanted to see it—and having been subjected to rather too much church-architecture-viewing at an early age not to have grown up a little allergic to it—I had always tended to take Salisbury Cathedral far too much for granted, except, of course, for the spire, which no one who is blessed with sight can possibly take for granted. For though there may be things in the world as beautiful as Salisbury spire, there is certainly nothing more beautiful; complete perfection of expression is not often achieved by imperfect man, but on this occasion, far away in the fourteenth century, someone did succeed in achieving it. It is like Wren's dome of St. Paul's and Velasquez's "Las Meninas" and Shakespeare's "Tempest"; there seems nothing further to be said. Yet, subconsciously, I had always known that the spire's setting was part of its own perfection;

and if I had died twenty or thirty or even forty years ago, and if it be true that in the second of death, scenes of what we have loved most on earth flash across the visual screen of our memories, there would have recurred to mine the great grey cathedral with its tower and spire set among the trees, smooth lawns and prebendal houses of its matchless close. Yet the inside of the cathedral had never much aroused my enthusiasm; it was too swept and garnished by pious nineteenth-century restorers, too polished and shining and new-looking to raise any emotion in my rather romantic mind. I never felt while in it, as I do in Winchester or Canterbury, that I was walking through English history; nor did it ever catch up my breath with amazement that such a thing could have been created, as Ely did when I first wandered into it. As a result, I was always a little impatient on my sight-seeing expeditions into the interior of Salisbury Cathedral: anxious to emerge again from that vast polished space of black Purbeck marble pillars and stand again in the sunlight outside drinking in the immemorial peace and perfection of the great grey mediæval exterior and that incredible spire. For me the Middle Age was not inside Salisbury, but outside; and the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, too.

So it was that through some extraordinary chance I had never until the other day penetrated into the cloisters. I had found myself in Salisbury a little earlier than I had expected, and had seized the chance to visit the cathedral to look at the tombs of some of the mediæval warriors and prelates about whose lives I had been lately reading. And so it came to pass that I passed through a door and suddenly found myself standing in the thirteenth-century cloisters on the far side of the cathedral. I not only found myself in the cloisters; I found myself in the thirteenth century. The murmur and footfall of the sightseers in the great cathedral was stilled: far away on the other side of the vast cliff of ancient grey stone towering above me were, I knew, the sunlit close, the prebendal houses, the busy city beyond and twentieth-century Wiltshire. But here was utter silence: nothing but this wide square of exquisitely-shaped symmetrical arches, unchanged since the day they were built, looking out on to the still green garth and the two tall cedars in the centre. I felt like Alice when she came out of the tunnel of the rabbit-hole and found herself in another world. Standing there, in that air of serene and assured faith, it was hard to believe that the present was a reality and not merely a passing shadow on the face of eternal truth.

For the thirteenth century was the high summer of the Christian society of Western Europe that had sprung from the Cluniac reforms and the institution of knighthood. It was the age of St. Louis, the great crusading French King whose faith, unshakable courage and noble passion for justice dominated the West for half-a-century and made France and her island-capital the heart of Christendom. It was a time when Frankish princes and churchmen, whose grandfathers had been content with bare walls of rough

stone and unpaved floors strewn with filthy rushes, began to build themselves palaces and chapels, with marble pillars and gilded cornices, and furnish them with oriental carpets and curtains, cushions and embroideries, Greek enamels and Cordovan leatherwork; in which Venetian artists studied captured Byzantine masterpieces, and scholars sat at the feet of doctors who had absorbed the medical, scientific and philosophical learning of the Moors and Jews of Andalusia and Arabia; in which Persian carpets and Chinese and Indian silks, sugar and pepper, lemons and apricots, muslin, damasks and tapestries were borne across the seas in Arab dhows and across the deserts of the Middle East on camels to Venetian or Genoese warehouses on the stinking quays of the crusading ports of Outremer, and thence to Venice, Palermo, Genoa and Marseilles; in which the windmill and the mariner's compass became part of the equipment of European civilisation. Above all, it was an age of intense religious feeling. It began with the fanatic crusades against the infidels without and the Waldensian and Albigensian heretics within. But the greatest crusade of all—a facet of the attack on

heresy, itself a product of the bitter criticism that clerical pomp and luxury produced—was that initiated by the gentle Italian, St. Francis, and the stern Castilian ascetic, St. Dominic, to win the poor, ignorant and neglected to Christ's all-embracing fold. The mendicant friars—the grey Franciscans and the Dominicans—were, as much as the Gothic cathedrals and the splendid pageantry of Christian princes and prelates, a characteristic product of the thirteenth century. They were the expression of the principle that underlay all the superstition and panoply of mediæval religion that God was love and that a Christian's highest life was sacrifice and self-denial. Obeying their Saviour's commandment to take no thought for the morrow or for what they should eat or wear, barefooted, penniless and ragged, the preaching friars, abjuring all worldly property and living on the alms of the faithful, went out into the highways and byways to preach Christ to the destitute and succour the sick and wretched. Though after a few generations these "poor brothers" of all the world became as corrupt and worldly as the cloistered monks, to whose wealth and luxury they had been the reformer's answer, their first impact on Christendom was overwhelming.

It was in this remarkable age when, for all her feudal wars, Europe came nearer to being a moral and cultural unity than at any time since, that this wonderful cathedral was raised. Here on a site chosen to avoid the difficulties that had arisen between the cathedral clergy and the

Royal garrison of Old Sarum, one of the canons, Elias de Dereham—joint-designer of Becket's incomparable new shrine at Canterbury—began to supervise the building of the masterpiece which, save for its upper tower and spire—added a century later—still stands to-day as its builders designed it: the only mediæval cathedral left in England which is still, externally, all of a piece. Its first stone was laid in 1220 by William Longespee, or Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, hero of England's first great naval victory and one of the witnesses of Magna Carta. Five years later—William himself was buried in the cathedral in 1226—the Lady Chapel was dedicated by Archbishop Cardinal Langton, who preached a sermon to the people outside before entering to celebrate mass. Among those who watched the rising of its walls was the young Henry III. from his near-by seat of Clarendon Castle. To its inspiration, and to that of the great cathedrals of the Ile de France, we owe King Henry's rebuilding of Westminster Abbey—the Abbey, apart from later additions, which we still know, and in which our Queen was the other day crowned. And recalling all this, as I stood in the Salisbury cloisters, I could not help thinking how strange it was that nearly everything that I read at school and was taught about the thirteenth century in England was focused on the story of the transient struggle between Henry III. and Simon de Montfort, and the far-fetched analogies with nineteenth-century parliamentary notions that were woven into it, and never so much as mentioned the amazing architectural heritage with which Henry III.—Dante's "simple king who sat apart"—and the men of his time endowed England.

A GREAT BRITISH HORSEMAN'S VICTORY AT THE WHITE CITY.



RECEIVING THE TROPHY FROM H.M. THE QUEEN: LIEUT.-COLONEL HARRY LLEWELLYN, O.B.E., M.P.H., WHO WON THE KING GEORGE V. CUP ON *Foxhunter* FOR THE THIRD TIME, AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were present at the International Horse Show, White City Stadium, on July 22, to see Lieut.-Colonel Harry Llewellyn win the King George V. Cup, the International Individual championship for show ring jumping, for the third time, on his celebrated horse *Foxhunter*. On another page we give a photograph of Lieut.-Colonel Llewellyn taking a jump on *Foxhunter*; here he is seen receiving the trophy from her Majesty, with the Duke of Beaufort standing (centre). In the final round for the Cup, Captain Tubridy, of Ireland, on *Red Castle* made eight faults over a course raised to 5 ft. 6 ins. Lieut.-Colonel Llewellyn on *Foxhunter* then went round with only four faults; a feat which was greeted with tremendous applause. After receiving his trophy, Lieut.-Colonel Llewellyn rode round the arena to resounding cheers from the 24,000 spectators, as did Miss Marie Delfosse, winner of the Queen Elizabeth II. Cup. *Foxhunter* is the only horse ever to have won the King George V. Cup three times. Lieut.-Colonel Harry Llewellyn, a superb horseman, has been captain of the British International Show Jumping Team, 1949-52, and was captain of the British Olympic Show Jumping Team which won the Grand Prix des Nations at Helsinki last year. He became joint-Master of the Monmouthshire in 1952. The British team (with Lieut.-Col. Llewellyn on *Foxhunter*) which won the Prince of Wales Cup for the fifth time, is pictured on another page.

THE PRINCE OF WALES CUP AT WHITE CITY: BRITAIN'S FIFTH CONSECUTIVE WIN.



MR. P. ROBESON, OF GREAT BRITAIN'S TEAM, RIDING *Craven A* IN THE INTERNATIONAL TEAM JUMPING FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES CUP—WHICH THE BRITISH TEAM WON.



PARADING AT THE WHITE CITY BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES CUP COMPETITION, WHICH THEY WON: THE BRITISH TEAM (L. TO R.) MR. W. H. WHITE ON *Nizefella*, MISS PAT SMYTHE ON *Tosca*, MR. P. ROBESON ON *Craven A*, AND LIEUT.-COLONEL LLEWELLYN ON *Foxhunter*.

ON July 23 at the White City, Great Britain crowned her many successes at the International Horse Show when her team won the Prince of Wales Cup for international team jumping for the fifth time in succession. The conditions were not good but their performance was comparable with last year's, and their supremacy was not really challenged. The team was captained by Mr. W. H. White on *Nizefella*, and consisted of Miss Pat Smythe on *Tosca*, Mr. Peter Robeson on *Craven A*, and Lieut.-Colonel H. Llewellyn on the incomparable *Foxhunter*. Both *Foxhunter* and *Nizefella* did one clear round, and *Foxhunter*, in view of his gruelling performance in the King George V. Cup, was not called upon to jump a second round. Great Britain ended with 32 faults; Ireland was second with 48½, France third with 53½ and Italy fourth with 56. Ireland had two clear rounds, one on *Derrycarne* and one on *Ballymonty*; and France one, on *Ali Baba*. The Cup was presented by Field Marshal Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. We show here three of the winning team separately, the fourth, Lieut.-Colonel Llewellyn, appearing with *Foxhunter* on our front page, where other successes of this outstanding pair are reported.



MR. W. H. WHITE, THE CAPTAIN OF THE BRITISH TEAM WHICH WON THE PRINCE OF WALES CUP, RIDING *Nizefella* AT WHITE CITY. HE HAD A CLEAR ROUND IN THE SECOND ROUND.



MISS PAT SMYTHE ON *Tosca* IN THE PRINCE OF WALES TEAM CUP. MISS SMYTHE HAD ONLY TWELVE FAULTS IN THE TWO ROUNDS, FOUR IN THE FIRST AND EIGHT IN THE SECOND.

LONDON'S RIVER RECAPTURES ITS PAST GLORIES AS A THOROUGHFARE:



WITH ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL IN THE BACKGROUND: THE VESSELS REPRESENTING "OIL," SPONSORED BY THE PETROLEUM INDUSTRY, AND DESIGNED BY RONALD DICKENS, M.S.I.A.



SPONSORED BY BRITAIN'S LEADING SUGAR REFINERS: THE TABLEAU REPRESENTING "SUGAR," ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT FOOD COMMODITIES HANDLED IN THE PORT OF LONDON.

On July 22 the River Thames recaptured for one morning its ancient splendour as a colourful thoroughfare, for the Royal River Pageant, arranged in honour of the Coronation, wound its way from Greenwich to the Royal Festival Hall pier from which her Majesty the Queen and the Duke viewed it. "Pageantry was a feature of the River through many reigns, and it has been a matter of regret to all who love, and live by, our great waterway that this tradition has lapsed in recent years, and its



REPRESENTING QUEEN ELIZABETH I. AND THE DISCOVERERS, PERIOD 1580: A TABLEAU IN THE HISTORICAL SECTION, SPONSORED BY THE LONDON GENERAL SHIPWRECKERS' SOCIETY.



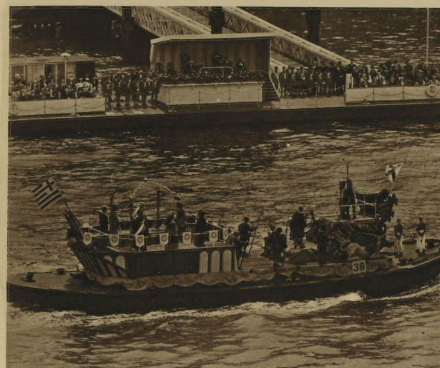
REPRESENTING THE LORD MAYOR WELCOMING THE BLACK PRINCE AND JOHN OF FRANCE IN 1357 AT THE FOOT OF LONDON BRIDGE: A TABLEAU.



DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE, PERIOD 1714 TO THE PRESENT DAY, WITH THE HOLDERS IN PERSON IN THEIR LIVERY: PASSING SHELL-MEX HOUSE.

revival now, therefore, with the gracious consent of her Majesty the Queen, will afford the utmost gratification to all who take a natural pride in our great City and Port." were the words in which the Lord Mayor of London expressed himself in the foreword to the pageant programme. The weather was not as agreeable as might have been hoped; but the British are used to our climate and the showers did not damp the enthusiasm of the crowds. The pageant was in six sections. First came the Lord

HER MAJESTY REVIEWS THE ROYAL CORONATION PAGEANT ON THE THAMES.



REPRESENTING ANNE BOLEYN'S JOURNEY FROM GREENWICH TO THE TOWER ON THE OCCASION OF HER CORONATION IN 1534: ONE OF THE TABLEAUX.



CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA, PERIOD 1662: A TABLEAU REPRESENTING PRINCESS CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA, QUEEN CONSORT OF KING CHARLES II.



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, IN HIS STATE BARGE, WITH LADY DE LA BÈRE, THE SHERIFFS AND OFFICERS, AND AN ESCORT OF DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE.

Mayor's Procession, with the Lord Mayor, Sir Rupert De la Bère, in his state barge, with Lady De la Bère and the Sheriffs and Officers, with an escort of Doggett's Coat and Badge. The second section was devoted to her Majesty's Services and Civil Defence; the third featured Historical Tableaux; the fourth, Sea Cadets and the Merchant Navy; while the fifth represented Industry and Commerce, and was preceded by a model of S.S. *Gothic*, in which the Queen will travel to and from



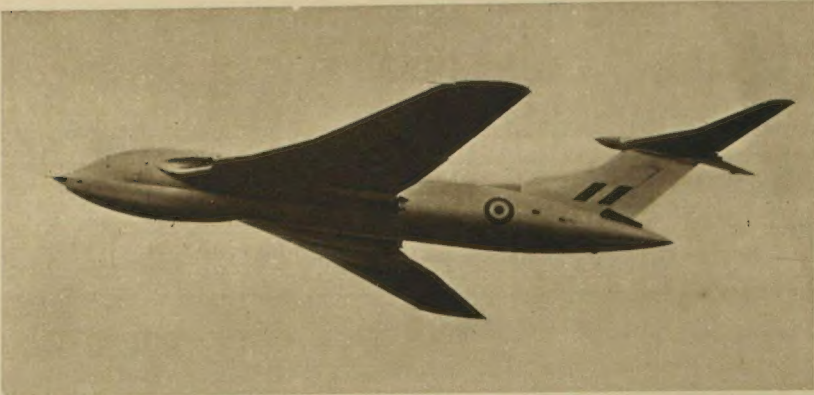
ON THE COVERED Dais: HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL FIFE: THE MAGNA CARTA TABLEAU IS PASSING BEFORE THEM.



THE TABLEAU REPRESENTING THE VIKINGS, PERIOD 1013: THE VIEW OF ST. PAUL'S IN THE BACKGROUND RECALLS THE 1609 NEWS HEADING.

Australia and New Zealand. The procession consisted of some 150 craft, with Naval, Military and Royal Air Force bands. The tableaux drew much applause. They were not entirely immobile, as King John signed Magna Carta afresh every few minutes and the Black Prince was welcomed over and over again by the Lord Mayor before a model of London Bridge topped with traitors' heads. The final section was that of River Services, and it was terminated by six R.N. Fast Patrol Boats.

"FASTEST, FURTHEST AND HIGHEST" OF HEAVY BOMBERS: BRITAIN'S "VICTOR"



THE WORLD'S FIRST CRESCENT-WING BOMBER: THE HANDLEY PAGE *VICTOR*, DURING A TEST FLIGHT. THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE DECREASING "SWEEP-BACK" OF THE WING.



THE HANDLEY PAGE *VICTOR* ON THE GROUND. FOUR ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY *SAPPHIRE* JETS ARE BURIED IN THE THICKEST AND MOST SWEEP-BACK PARTS OF THE WINGS.

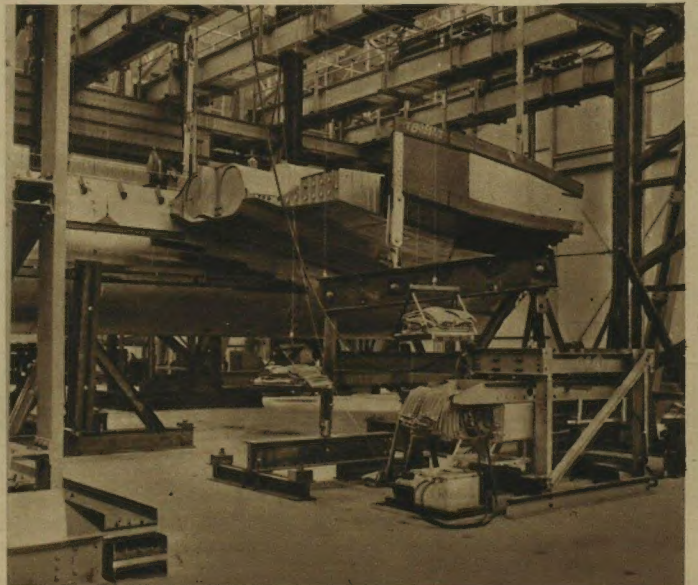


THE "DEVIL-FISH"-LIKE APPEARANCE OF THE *VICTOR* SEEN FROM BELOW. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN WHEN THE AIRCRAFT WAS NEAR THE GROUND AND WITH LANDING FLAPS AND UNDERCARRIAGE DOWN.

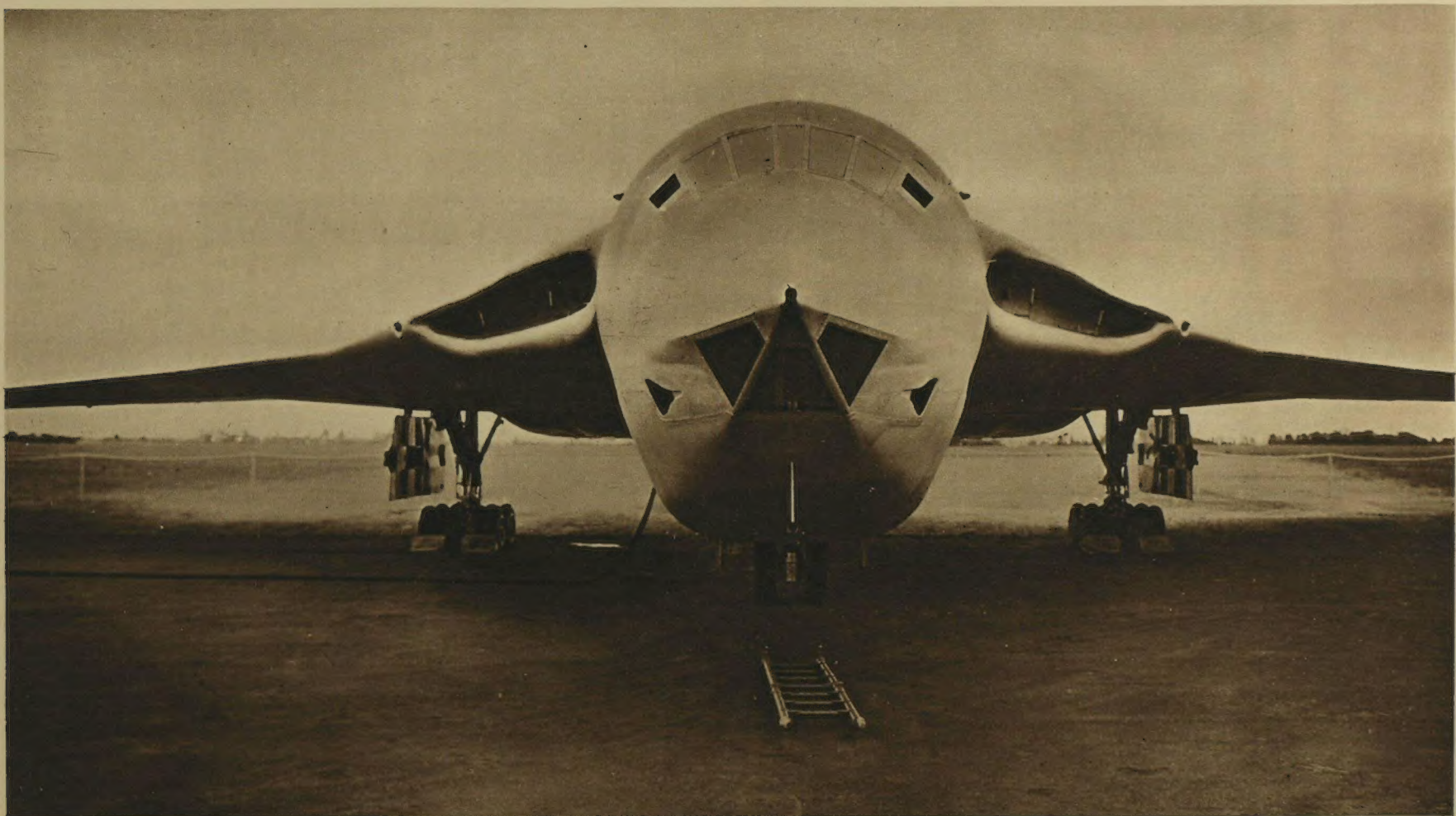


THE NEW HANDLEY PAGE WIND-TUNNEL, POWERED BY THREE ROLLS-ROYCE *NEVE* JETS: PART OF THE RADLETT RESEARCH FACILITIES OPENED ON JULY 21 BY MR. A. R. W. LOW, PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY, MINISTRY OF SUPPLY.

HANDLEY PAGE has always been a word of power in the production of bomber aircraft; and now, in their new prototype the *Victor*, they claim to have produced the bomber which flies fastest, furthest and highest with the greatest bomb load of any in the world. These photographs have been chosen to show its fantastic and indeed revolutionary shape, which is the logical outcome of research; and it is significant that the firm have recently built extensive new research facilities at Radlett. These, which include a test house, research laboratories and a high-speed wind-tunnel, were opened on July 21



THE NEWLY-OPENED HANDLEY PAGE TEST HOUSE AND TEST FRAME AT RADLETT, SHOWING A *VICTOR* FUSELAGE UNDERGOING TEST FOR VARIOUS STRESSES. A MAXIMUM LOAD OF 400 TONS CAN BE APPLIED.



THE FANTASTIC AND MENACING SHAPE OF THE BOMBERS OF TO-MORROW, FORESHADOWED IN BRITAIN'S HANDLEY PAGE *VICTOR*—THE CRESCENT-WING AIRCRAFT WHICH FLIES FASTEST, FURTHEST AND HIGHEST WITH THE GREATEST LOAD.

The logic of the new shape of the Handley Page *Victor* lies in the immensely increased power of jet engines and the necessity of operating at sonic or near-sonic speeds. At these great speeds "drag" and "wing-flutter" become very dangerous factors. The two usual ways of overcoming "drag" are by making the wings very thin or by sweeping them back; but both these methods have their disadvantages.

The *Victor's* crescent (or scimitar) wing is an ingenious compromise. Each wing has three phases. The first, nearest the body, is thickest and steeply swept-back—it contains the buried jets; the middle section is considerably thinner and its sweep-back is less marked; while the outermost section is still thinner and still less swept-back.

ON July 19, Mr. Spyros Markezinis, Minister of Co-ordination in the Greek Government, returned home after a week's visit to this country. He left on those who had met him the impression of great energy and imagination in a small and deceptively fragile-looking frame. This he did not appear to support by more food than would suffice to keep a sparrow fit, and it almost seemed as though he derived nourishment from the Macedonian tobacco which he is so anxious to sell. When the present Government took office last November he was entrusted by Field Marshal Alexander Papagos with a task which might well daunt the boldest. He was given powers of co-ordination over all Ministries concerned with economy and production, and made responsible for the economic policy of the country. This rôle was daunting because Greek finances were unsound, industry was feeble and in some respects chaotic, American aid had been cut by two-thirds, and the Civil Service was bloated and top-heavy. He had, however, one great advantage over predecessors. He could look forward to a long period of uninterrupted work which, in the days of insecure alliances between a large number of small parties, they could not.

Soon after taking office he outlined some of his aims. They nearly all involved sacrifices for someone. There again he was relatively well-placed by reason of the exceptional popularity and prestige of his Prime Minister and the strength of the Government. Balancing the Budget, economies in expenditure, overhaul of taxation, lowering of the high bank-rate, withdrawal of unjustified privileges, increase of production and exports, were among the objects which he announced. What he did not then announce, and would have defeated his own ends if he had, was a project for the devaluation of the drachma. This was postponed until April 9, when it came as a complete surprise—a well-kept secret. The exchange rates were doubled. In place of 15,000 drachmas to the dollar and 42,000 drachmas to the pound, they became 30,000 to the dollar and 84,000 to the pound. This not only provided opportunities for the expansion of exports and for the attraction of foreign capital, but allowed the Government to do away with import contributions and export subsidies.

The intervening time had been spent in preparing for this measure. It would have been impossible, or, at best, extremely rash, to introduce it without first checking the process of inflation, without obtaining substantial economies, and without balancing the Budget, which, although nominally balanced, showed a vast deficit. A number of measures, the purpose of which was to lower costs of production, were taken or set in train.

Control of the note circulation and of credits was strictly maintained. This policy had been instituted before the present Government took office, but was now pursued, not as an end in itself, but as the means to the end which the Government had in view. It would have been difficult for a weak Government to keep it going without explanation, in face of pressure and protests. The Minister revealed that Field Marshal Papagos had studied the problem of devaluation while he was still in Opposition, and had then come to the view that it was indispensable.

It must be realised that Greek economy has always been delicate. The strain imposed upon it has been cruel. The material damage of the war was serious enough, but that of the long "bandit war" was even greater and left Greece one of the great devastated regions of the world. Yet sheer destruction was not the only element in the tragedy. Large districts were shut off, in some cases for years, from trade and, indeed, from intercourse of any kind with the rest of the country. Their crafts were abandoned, their industries—in particular mining in mountainous regions—died, even their fields often became barren. To restore all this was a long, costly and difficult undertaking, which has not been completed. It goes without saying that, since the country was moving in a retrograde direction, it was not making the normal progress in availing itself of the advances of science. It has been doing so since the end of the bandit war, but there is a great deal of lost time to make up. The years of the bandit war are lost for ever.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. EXPERIMENTS IN GREEK ECONOMY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

On top of all this a reversal of taste has been calamitous for one of the chief products of the country. When I was a young man the only cigarettes available in military messes were "Turkish," which was simply a trade name for cigarettes from the Eastern Mediterranean, and included Greek. The First World War changed the taste of this country because supplies of tobacco from the Levant were so much diminished. However, this did not do the Greek tobacco industry very serious harm, because "Turkish" tobacco was more or less confined to the upper and upper-middle classes, and the people in general always smoked Virginian cigarettes. Greece still had a great stand-by in Germany, where "Turkish" cigarettes remained almost universal. She had also one in the United States, where a percentage of Oriental tobacco was added to the native produce in cigarette-making. Then came the Second World War to do for the German market what the First had done for the British, but dealing

"A ROYAL GARLAND."



THE GREAT EVENTS OF A MEMORABLE MONTH PRESENTED IN A UNIQUE PANORAMA FORM: "A ROYAL GARLAND," A REMARKABLE SOUVENIR OF THE OCCASIONS WITNESSED BY MILLIONS OF THE QUEEN'S SUBJECTS DURING JUNE 1953.

It is not an exaggeration to say that millions of people witnessed the Coronation Procession, Decorations and Illuminations, the Derby, the Royal Tournament, Trooping the Colour, the Royal Visit to the City of London, the great Naval Review at Spithead, the Ascot Meeting, the Royal Visit to Scotland, while the more privileged were in the Abbey for the Coronation, at Covent Garden for the Gala Performance, at the Guildhall Luncheon and at the ceremony in St. Giles' in Edinburgh. To all of these whether resident in this country or visiting from overseas, the finest souvenir of these great and inspiring events is presented in the form of the "Royal Garland." Some idea of the size of the splendid photographs appearing in this publication may be gained by looking at the photograph given above. This beautiful publication in its magnificent crimson, blue and gold cover provides a very welcome gift to friends and relations at home and abroad. The Publisher will be pleased to send copies to any address in the world, price 6s. 6d. post free. If you send your instructions to the Publisher, *The Illustrated London News*, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, accompanied by postal order or cheque, he will do the rest.

Greek tobacco interests a much more serious blow, because the German market had been by far the bigger.

Germany had been almost deprived of tobacco. The first cigarettes to come in were British and American, so precious that for some time they were used as currency. They established a new taste. German manufacturers said that they would be glad to take Greek tobacco, but they could not sell it. That market can be revived, though it is never likely to be as strong from the Greek point of view. In any case, Eastern Germany has been completely closed. Mr. Markezinis told me that there had been some revival of sales to Western Germany and that he was hopeful of its being increased. If so, my impression from trying to buy good Oriental cigarettes in Germany in the autumn of 1951 is that the Greek tobacco bought is being used for blending, to produce the American type of cigarette, to a greater extent than for the manufacture of pure Oriental cigarettes. Some cigarettes blended in this way are also now sold in the United Kingdom.

I will pass over the other agricultural product which is of great importance to Greece, fruit, because here there have been no difficulties other than financial. I will mention only that agricultural output is now the highest for years, a great advantage from the internal point of view, because Greek cornlands are perilously limited. I must mention another bold experiment by this Government which has been announced in the Press but may have been generally overlooked at a time when there was so much other news. With the exception of import duties on a few luxuries, Greece

has gone over to free trade. She is the first free-trade country in Europe in modern times. It is also worth noting that devaluation is likely to have a good effect on the tourist industry, whereas, while the drachma stood at an artificial level, it actually paid Greeks with some means to go abroad for holidays.

Probably of more significance than any of these matters is the capital investment programme. The first section of it is land improvement, under existing schemes and new ones. The second section is power. The Aliveri thermal power station and the Agra, Ladon and Louros waterworks remain to be completed. Then the northern and southern electric transmission networks are to be connected. Mr. Markezinis points out that the cost of this is comparatively low, but that the expenditure was always till now disallowed in accordance with the ban on new work. Yet so long as this was the case the Greek power plan would remain split up. The third section is concerned with industrial projects. It includes development of nitrogen, oil refineries, soda, the Missolonghi salt-pan, aluminium, magnesium and nickel-bearing ore. Nickel is a rare metal in Europe and Greece is fortunate to possess it.

This programme could not be contemplated apart from foreign capital. Before coming to London Mr. Markezinis visited Washington with his advisers. Times are not what they were, but he knew that before he started. His programme was recognised to be justifiable in all its main features, whereas, as I have pointed out, no previous proposals for new work were given a hearing. Again, the International Bank for the first time turned a favourable eye on Greece. It agreed to send a committee to examine some of the projects. In the autumn the Director, Mr. Black, will himself visit Greece. The Greek Mission also obtained the right to use the balance of funds not disposed of, which would otherwise have been lost to

Greece under a recent decision. It achieved 16,000,000 dollar orders for war supplies. The discussions in London were, as the official announcement put it in official terms, "of an exploratory nature and were not intended, in the short time available, to result in specific conclusions." This is perhaps all that can be said at the moment. Though the conversations of Mr. Markezinis were mainly with economic Ministers and Ministries, he was also in touch with the City in the course of his visit.

It would certainly be too much to say that the whole of the programme is gold-plated, and even if that can be said of some items, all items are connected. As I set out by saying, the economy of Greece has always been weak. It has

depended to a great extent on the carrying trade and, lately, for several reasons which I can not now discuss, a good deal of Greek shipping has been transferred to foreign flags. Whatever the response in the way of outside capital, a very hard economic and financial struggle still lies before the country. The burden of defence is heavy, yet, Mr. Markezinis remarks, the lightening of it is always advocated by those who are out of office rather than by those who are in. Artificial measures—the word is not used in an uncomplimentary sense—have often in the past proved unavailing in restoring a stricken economy. In this case there could be no recovery without them.

I therefore make no optimistic prophecies, and I doubt whether trained economists will be disposed to do so. Yet it does look as though some of the weaknesses of the Greek economy belong to an age lacking certain applications of science, and that if these are brought into play those weaknesses will be lessened or even eradicated. Industrialisation is inevitable if the country is to support its present population and to pay its way, yet I for one should be sorry to see it lessen the peasant population beyond a certain degree, because I feel that it is, in the old phrase, the backbone of the country. That is, in any event, not a danger of the immediate future, and a number of the projects are designed to improve the lot and the productivity of the peasant, not to withdraw him from the land. Greece desires to stand on her own legs. We should wish her good fortune in her efforts to do so.

ON THE ROAD BACK TO HEALTH: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AND MR. EDEN.



WAVING ON ARRIVAL AT LONDON AIRPORT FROM NEW YORK WITH MRS. EDEN: MR. ANTHONY EDEN, THE FOREIGN SECRETARY, WHO HAS MADE "RECORD PROGRESS" IN CONVALESCENCE AFTER HIS OPERATION IN AMERICA.

The welcome fact that Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Anthony Eden are on the road to restored health will bring to an end the unusual situation by which the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary were both unable to carry out the duties of their great offices. Mr. Eden entered the London Clinic on April 8 for an operation for gallstones on April 12. A second operation was necessary on April 29; and on May 19 he left to convalesce at Chequers. On May 30, a further operation was found to be imperative. Mr. Eden, with Mrs. Eden, flew to Boston; and on June 10 an operation was performed in the New England Baptist Hospital. He left hospital on June 29 to convalesce at a friend's house in Rhode



LEAVING CHARTWELL ON JULY 24 FOR CHEQUERS, THE OFFICIAL COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF THE PRIME MINISTER: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, WHO HAS BENEFITED GREATLY FROM THE MONTH'S COMPLETE REST PRESCRIBED BY HIS DOCTORS.

Island; made "record progress," and flew home with Mrs. Eden last week. During Mr. Eden's absence, Sir Winston Churchill arranged to take charge of the Foreign Office. On June 27 the country was distressed to learn that Sir Winston had been advised by his doctors to take a month's complete rest, and to abandon the projected Bermuda Conference. He remained at Chartwell, but received the more important official papers. On July 24 he left Chartwell for Chequers, having greatly benefited from the month's rest. Mr. Eden expected to visit him on July 27, and it was arranged that he and Mrs. Eden would spend the Bank Holiday week-end at Chequers with Sir Winston and Lady Churchill.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE:

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.

**F.-M. SIR JOHN HARDING.**

It was announced on July 22 that the Queen had approved the promotion, from July 21, of General Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, to Field Marshal. At the age of fifty-seven he is one of the five youngest Field Marshals promoted in the present century, members of the Royal family excluded.

**FRAU HILDE BENJAMIN.**

Appointed Minister of Justice in East Germany, in succession to the dismissed Herr Max Fechner. Frau Hilde Benjamin was formerly Vice-President of the Russian Zone Supreme Court. Known as "Red Hilde," she is a fanatical Communist and is dreaded for her sentences of death.

**GENERAL NICHOLAS PLASTIRAS.**

Died July 26, aged seventy. General Plastiras, the Greek soldier-statesman, was twice Dictator, and once under sentence of death. He headed three constitutional Governments since 1944, his last term as Premier ending in 1952. His execution of former Cabinet Ministers after the 1922 revolution, which resulted in the abdication of King Constantine, embittered Greek politics.

**HERR HERMANN BUHL.**

The twenty-seven-year-old Austrian member of Dr. Karl Herrligkoffer's expedition which conquered Nanga Parbat. Herr Hermann Buhl was the climber who reached the 26,660-ft. Himalayan summit, the first man to do so, after having spent a night alone in the open 300 ft. from the peak.

**BRIGADIER SHESHEKLY.**

The first President of the Republic of Syria. Brigadier Sheshekly, the Deputy Prime Minister and Chief of Staff, was the only candidate at the election on July 10 for the Presidency under the new Constitution. Of an electorate of nearly 1,000,000, more than 864,000 polled; and 861,152 voted for the new Constitution.



THE SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER IN EUROPE AND HIS SENIOR OFFICERS: GENERAL A. M. GRUENTHER (CENTRE), WHO RECENTLY GAVE SECRET TESTIMONY TO THE SENATE APPROPRIATIONS COMMITTEE.

Our group shows (l. to r.) Lieut.-General J. E. Valluy, Deputy C.O.S. (Logistics and Admin.); Admiral A. G. Lemonnier, Navy Deputy; Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, Deputy Supreme Commander; General A. M. Gruenther, Supreme Commander; Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Saunders, Air Deputy; Lieut.-General C. V. R. Schuyler, C.O.S.; Air Marshal E. C. Hudleston, Deputy C.O.S. (Plans and Operations). General Gruenther's testimony to the Senate Appropriations Committee was released in a censored form. He said "We are going to stop this war from ever starting."

**MRS. A. K. PLACZEK.**

Died on July 20 in New York. Mrs. Placzek ("Jan Struther") was the creator of "Mrs. Miniver," first introduced in articles in *The Times*, a fictional character who became immensely popular in America and was the heroine of at least two films. "Jan Struther" was the daughter of Dame Eva Anstruther; and in 1917 began her career by writing poems, articles and short stories.



THE ANNUAL SPEECH DAY ON BOARD H.M.S. WORCESTER: CHIEF CADET CAPTAIN MASSEY RECEIVING HIS AWARD FROM LORD LEATHERS. Chief Cadet Captain T. E. J. Massey received the award of a sextant for the cadet in H.M.S. Worcester with the highest executive ability. Our photograph shows Lord Leathers presenting the award to C.C.C. Massey, who was the cadet invited to the U.S.A. for the inauguration of Mr. Eisenhower.

**WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S MEDAL: CADET**

C. H. P. BROWN, OF H.M.S. WORCESTER. Cadet Colin H. P. Brown was awarded the Queen's Gold Medal, and is shown with the sextant which is also presented with the medal. The distribution of the medal and other awards took place on board the H.M.S. Worcester by Lord Leathers.



QUEEN SALUTE OF TONGA IN ITALY: HER MAJESTY AT THE VATICAN, WHERE SHE WAS RECEIVED BY HIS HOLINESS THE POPE.

Queen Salote of Tonga was received in private audience by the Pope on July 20. She was accompanied to the Vatican by Mr. Etherington-Smith, Chargé d'Affaires *ad interim* of the British Legation to the Holy See. She afterwards presented her daughter and members of her suite to His Holiness.

PRINCESS MARGARET'S VISITS TO LONDON'S EAST END AND BOMB-SITE GARDENS.



VISITING THE GARDEN WHICH SCHOOLGIRLS HAVE MADE FROM A SHOREDITCH BOMB-SITE: PRINCESS MARGARET ADMIRING THE WORK OF PUPILS OF CRONDALL GIRLS' SECONDARY SCHOOL.



PRINCESS MARGARET QUESTIONS MR. WIGGINS ABOUT THE GARDEN HE HAS CREATED FOR HIS STOKE NEWINGTON HOUSE: AN INCIDENT OF THE TOUR.



PRINCESS MARGARET VISITED SEVERAL PREFABRICATED HOUSES; AND IS HERE SEEN AS SHE WALKED ROUND THE GARDEN OF MR. AND MRS. F. CALLOW, STOKE NEWINGTON.

On July 21, in the evening, H.R.H. Princess Margaret deputised for her mother, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother (who is Patron of the London Gardens Society), and made a two-and-a-half-hour tour of London gardens under the auspices of the Society. She began in Shoreditch, where she was cheered by 300 schoolgirls of the Crondall Secondary School when she visited the garden they had made in a bomb-site, and she paid many visits to private gardens in Shoreditch, Stoke Newington and Islington. She saw many gardens in several "prefab." estates and took



ADMIRING A BED OF ZINNIAS, PRINCESS MARGARET TALKS WITH MR. AND MRS. WARD, OF QUEEN ELIZABETH CLOSE, WHILE THE SMALL BOY SHYLY PONDERES THE SITUATION.

tea in one of the houses in Islington. Holloway Police Station, which has a name for the excellence of its window-boxes, was also visited; and the tour ended when she went aboard the *Wellington*, the headquarters ship of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners, which is moored by the Embankment near the Temple. In one Stoke Newington garden, where the two children had separate small plots, the Princess recalled how the Queen and she, as children, had had their own gardens at Buckingham Palace.

A CENTRAL EUROPEAN VIEW OF RUSSIA AND THE WEST.

"THE RETURN OF GERMANY"; By NORBERT MUHLEN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

N.B.—The illustrations on this page are not reproduced from the book.

MR. MUHLEN is a German by birth, who is now resident in the United States. For four years he has been travelling about Germany, both East and West, interviewing public and private men, scrutinising the actions of the Occupying Powers, and watching the human panorama at large. The title of his book must not be taken as implying that it is mainly devoted to considering the revival of the German people as a menace. He does not overlook the appearance of "neo-Nazi" movements, and the resurgence of German industry, because of that (from our point of view, overdone) ardour for work which is shared by factory-workers, farm-workers, philosophers and scholars alike. The ultimate possibility of those strenuous tribes of docile sheep once more becoming terrible under the leadership of wolves is not overlooked by him. It can not be shut out of mind by the French, who have been thrice invaded, and once nearly crushed, by them in less than a century; by ourselves, whom they have twice bled white, whose Empire (indirectly) they have partly broken up, and who have twice, owing to the operations of their submarines against our over-populated island, been within measurable distance of starvation; or by the Americans, who have twice been dragged out of their comfortable seclusion because of German ambition, who are still bleeding in Korea and spending everywhere because of them, and who have no prospect, because of the German leaders' insane ambition, of ever returning to their political hermitage. But that is not the problem which immediately faces him, or us. What he is concerned with mainly is the present struggle between Russia and the West (in his eyes principally represented by America, though Europeans do not see it thus) for the body and soul, the mind and the physical energy, of the German people—who were a "headache" to the Romans and have been a severe headache to us all ever since Bismarck was allowed to "get away with" his earlier wars and the establishment of the Prussian Empire.

The "Ifs" of history are a fascinating field of speculation; though, practically, meditations on "what might have been" are as fruitless in public, as they are in private, life. Devotees of Hypothetics may wonder what would have happened had the British Cabinet (and Queen) taken a firm line against Bismarck's first aggression. They may conjecture as to what would have happened before 1914 if Admiral Fisher's recipe for dealing with the unnecessary German Fleet had been taken; or if Hitler had been checked in the occupation of the Rhineland; or if the 1944 Plot against him had succeeded. Some may not merely conjecture in these regards, but hold very firm opinions. But, as to the present emergency in Germany, it is not so easy to find anybody (excluding, of course, the Communists) with a clear-cut view as to what is best to be done. For the problem is more complicated than its predecessors: the shadow of Germany is dwarfed by the shadow of Russia, and in Germany itself there are (as Mr. Muhlen shows) not merely voices like Dr. Adenauer's firmly taking the European line, but voices advocating an impossible neutrality (which might well be hankered for by a people sick of defeats) and voices even advocating a league with Russia and a division of the world between these totalitarian brothers in arms.

Mr. Muhlen can only hope for the best. Visualising the struggle as one between America, representing free institutions, and Russia, representing tyranny, slavery and cruelty, he addresses himself to Americans at the end: "Germany is our challenge. To repel the tyrants on their way to conquest, we cannot do without fellow-defenders of freedom. There are such men and women in Germany, and they deserve our friendship—without condescension or reservations.

Their number will be greater, and they will be stronger, if West Germany herself can regain her health—as a political community, as an economic unit, as a new, decent, better society. While this recovery and this regeneration is a labour to be undertaken by the Germans themselves, it can be helped from the outside—as a matter of fact, it needs some help from the outside; we can give this help by offering our understanding, and our material support. America must extend its helping hand to the victims of Soviet

histories, of many of the leading figures in both Germanies, notably of Herr Reuter, the doughty Mayor of Berlin, who was once an agent of the Kremlin and is now the spearhead of opposition to it. He carefully covers every phase of political belief (including a widespread belief in a revived monarchy or monarchies—for which there is much to be said) and is emphatic about the chronically unpolitical nature of most Germans. And he is especially graphic in his descriptions of the life that East Germany is leading under

the Russian terror: which is strongly reminiscent of the late George Orwell's ghastly book, "1984."

Some of his details have a rather comic aspect. Membership of the Communist Party carries with it a precious membership book. "A rather animated debate went on in East Germany after the purge of the early 1950's as to whether members should carry their book with them, on account of the risk of losing it or having it stolen by 'American agents.' The best way, it was decided, was to carry it in a special pouch on the breast, fastened by a cord around the neck as well as around the body. In 'letters to the Editor' of the party Press, several girl Communists objected that this would ruin their appearance, especially under their summer dresses and blouses. They were advised sternly that it was more important

for them to protect their membership documents than their good looks. They should be happy if their party membership books showed under their blouses for 'to progressively-minded people, this is the most beautiful thing a girl can own; she should be proud of this bulk under her dress rather than of certain features with which every woman has been endowed by nature.'" Rather grimmer is the synopsis of a Christmas play issued to kindergartens by the Ministry of Education when the Government decided that "the celebration of Christmas should be beautifully replaced by the celebration of Stalin's birthday." Here is the outline:

"FIRST SCENE: In America. White children torture Negro children.

SECOND SCENE: In England. Boy Scouts play war.

THIRD SCENE: Children from Soviet Russia and Korea sing peace-songs."

A country of "planned men" is the avowed object. The planning evidently starts early.

The Orwell mentality of the Russian bosses is evident everywhere. When Reuter was first elected, the Russians held that "Reuter was an anti-Communist and therefore an enemy

of democracy, a fascist and a Nazi! That the Berliners had elected him showed that they themselves were not yet educated to democracy, and therefore should not have the right to elect their representatives at all." Every Government to-day is an ardent verbal advocate of "democracy." On Russian lips this chameleon of a word implies a State under which every citizen has the right of freely electing Communist candidates.

An account is given of a person who has come prominently into the news since the book was written. This is Hilde Benjamin, the hanging judge. She "explained in 1952 that the law alone could not determine what constituted a crime. It was enough for an act to be 'dangerous'; to society jurisdiction had to be founded on the fight for the party and the working-class in the sense of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism. In appreciation of her 'special contribution to the new democratic science of the laws,' the East Berlin University awarded her the title of *doctor honoris causa*. In her acceptance speech she declared that she was proud of never having felt pity for any of the 346 men and women, boys and girls whom she had condemned to terms of more than twenty years in prison or to death."

Somebody ought to ask the Dean of Canterbury to review this book.

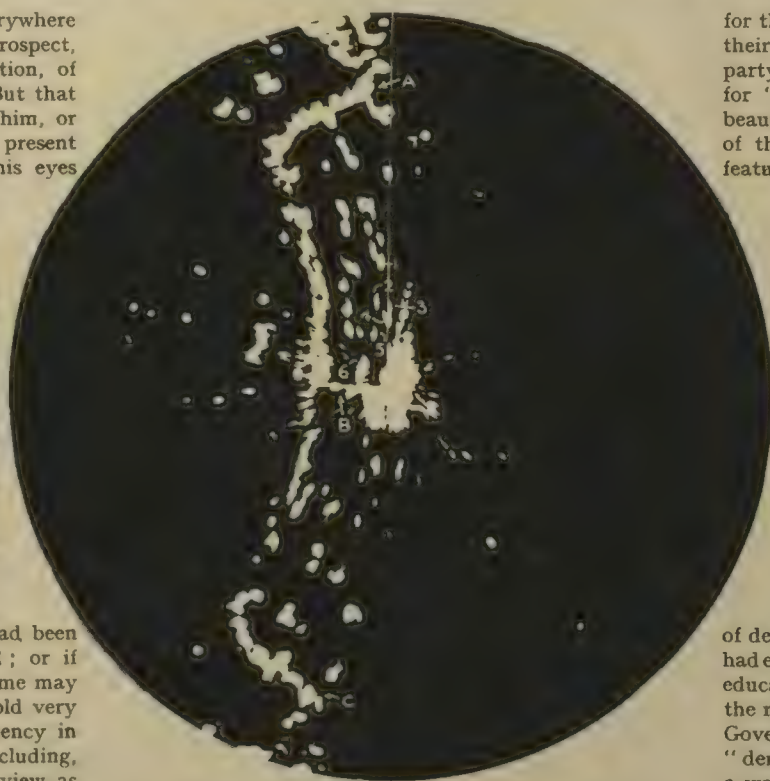
Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 194 of this issue.

RADAR AND PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORDINGS OF THE SAME SCENE.



THE ROYAL RIVER PAGEANT AS RECORDED PHOTOGRAPHICALLY: THE CRAFT SHOWN INCLUDE THE "SUGAR" VESSEL, THE MOTOR-TANKER *Petro*, THE M.Y. *Elettra II*, AND THE M.Y. *Navigator*, THE RADAR RESEARCH AND DEMONSTRATION SHIP (NZAREST CAMERA).

This photograph shows approximately the same scene as that recorded on the radar screen picture below. It depicts the Fifth Section of the Royal River Pageant of July 22, devoted to Industry and Commerce, approaching Waterloo Bridge.



THE ROYAL RIVER PAGEANT OF JULY 22 AS RECORDED ON THE RADAR SCREEN. A RADAR SET WAS INSTALLED IN THE DECCA RADAR NAVIGATORS' SCHOOL JUST ABOVE BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.

This picture shows how the Royal River Pageant of July 22 was recorded on a radar screen. Waterloo Bridge (A), Blackfriars Bridge (B) and Southwark Bridge (C) are shown as white lines across the river. The craft indicated on the screen are marked by numbers, and include vessels taking part in the procession and moored ships, as follows: (1) "Sugar" vessel; (2) *Petro*; (3) *Chrysanthemum*; (4) *President*; (5) M.Y. *Elettra II*; (6) M.Y. *Navigator*, Decca Research and Demonstration vessel.

tyranny—the refugees streaming to the West and the people still suffering in the East. America's solidarity with the German believers in freedom must extend, first and most of all, to those East Germans who are resisting surrender to the totalitarian idea. Like the democratic minority of West Germany, these fighters share their basic values and purposes with America."

Well, this is all very benevolent and woolly; hardly, to say the least, calculated to diminish the doubts of Frenchmen about a new German Army. The chief interest of Mr. Muhlen's book lies in its reporting. He gives clear pictures and succinct

* "The Return of Germany: A Tale of Two Countries." By Norbert Muhlen. (Bodley Head; 18s.)

A HELICOPTER PROJECT AND A RESCUE BY HELICOPTER,
AND A BANDIT ATTACK ON BRITISH TOURISTS IN SPAIN.



A FIFTY-SEATER JET-PROPELLED HELICOPTER: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE FAIREY ROTODYNE, NOW ORDERED BY THE MINISTRY OF SUPPLY FOR RESEARCH PURPOSES.
It was recently announced that the Ministry of Supply had placed an order with the Fairey Aviation Company for a large helicopter for research. This Fairey Rotodyne, powered by two Napier Eland propeller-turbines, will use the Fairey patented system of tip-driven jet rotors, and it is being designed of a size and power to meet the requirement of B.E.A. for a large inter-city "rotor-coach" and adaptable to carry quite large freight articles, such as cars.



RESCUING AN INJURED HOLIDAY-MAKER BY HELICOPTER: THE DRAMATIC RESCUE OF A YOUNG MAN INJURED AND STRANDED ON A SMALL ISLAND NEAR THE LIZARD.
On July 23 a young man was discovered lying injured on a small island in Kynance Cove, Cornwall. As attempts to reach him by land failed, a Royal Naval helicopter from Culdrose lowered a doctor on to the islet and the injured man was hauled up and taken to hospital. The doctor scrambled back into the aircraft as it hovered a few feet above the rocks.



SCENE OF THE MURDEROUS ATTACK ON DR. AND MRS. BERNARD PECK BY BANDITS: SPANISH GENDARMES ARE STANDING AT THE POINT ON THE COL DE TOSA PASS WHERE THE BANDITS, APPEARED AND HELD UP THE CAR IN WHICH THE TOURISTS WERE TRAVELLING.



SEVERELY WOUNDED BY BANDITS WHEN MOTORING IN SPAIN: DR. BERNARD PECK. SHOT DEAD BY BANDITS WHEN MOTORING IN SPAIN: MRS. BERNARD PECK.
Dr. Bernard Peck and Mrs. Peck, English holiday-makers motoring in Spain, were attacked by bandits with machine-guns on July 25 when travelling from Ripoll to Puigcerda via the Col de Tosa. The hold-up took place at a lonely spot, and Dr. Peck's camera was taken. He then, with great courage, drove rapidly off, but as he accelerated, the bandits fired shot after shot. Mrs. Peck was hit nine times and died almost immediately; and Dr. Peck was badly wounded. He drove on for some 200 yards,



WHERE THE BADLY-WOUNDED DR. BERNARD PECK STOPPED HIS CAR AFTER ESCAPING FROM THE BANDITS, HIS DEAD WIFE BESIDE HIM: THE ROAD TO PUIGCERDA.
then crawled out in search of help. Eventually a passing car drove him and his dead wife to Puigcerda, where he was taken to hospital and given a blood transfusion. Dr. Peck, who lives at Plymouth, is a dermatology consultant at the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital. He and his wife, aged thirty-one, had gone on holiday with their car, leaving their two young daughters at home. Mountain troops and police immediately instituted a search in the rugged mountains for the criminals.

THE KOREAN ARMISTICE: PANMUNJOM AND THE SIGNATORIES OF THE PANMUNJOM DOCUMENT.



WHERE THE KOREAN TRUCE WAS SIGNED BY THE DELEGATES, GENERAL HARRISON FOR THE UNITED NATIONS, AND GENERAL NAM IL FOR THE COMMUNISTS: THE NEWLY COMPLETED HALL AT PANMUNJOM, WITH ITS "PEACE DOVE" PEDIMENT.



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM K. HARRISON, OF THE U.S. ARMY, WHO SIGNED THE TRUCE AT PANMUNJOM ON BEHALF OF THE UNITED NATIONS FORCES.



THE PANMUNJOM ARMISTICE BUILDING, AS IT NEARED COMPLETION IN THE LAST WEEKS OF JULY. IN THE FOREGROUND NORTH KOREANS ARE USING A CAPTURED UNITED NATIONS BULLDOZER. HERE THE TRUCE WAS SIGNED ON JULY 27.



GENERAL NAM IL, THE LEADER OF THE COMMUNIST DELEGATION AT PANMUNJOM, AND THE NORTH KOREAN WHO SIGNED THE TRUCE THERE FOR THE COMMUNISTS.



THE INTERIOR OF THE ARMISTICE HALL IN WHICH THE TRUCE DOCUMENT WAS SIGNED. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN BEFORE THE EVENT AND SHOWS COMMUNIST MILITARY OFFICIALS (SOME OF WHOM HAVE MOVED) IN THE EMPTY, BARN-LIKE ROOM.

At 2 a.m. (British Summer Time) on July 27, the Korean armistice document was signed at Panmunjom by the heads of the delegations, Major-General Harrison for the United Nations, General Nam Il for the Communists. Later the armistice documents were countersigned for the United Nations by General Mark Clark at his headquarters at Munsan, and at Pyongyang by Marshal Kim Il-sung and General Peng Teh-huai for the North Koreans and the Chinese respectively. Hostilities under this agreement ceased twelve

hours later. Within seventy-two hours of the ending of hostilities both sides agreed to withdraw all their military forces two kilometres, or about a mile and a quarter, to form a demilitarised zone between them. Within sixty days each side was to repatriate all prisoners of war who should demand repatriation and all who do not desire it would then be handed over to the repatriation commission (consisting of delegates from Sweden, Switzerland, Poland, Czechoslovakia and India).



PATIENCE.

SUCH IS THE ENTHUSIASM OF YOUR TRUE CRICKET ENTHUSIAST—MALE OR FEMALE—THAT A WAIT IN CONDITIONS LIKE THESE SEEMS AS NOTHING, WHILE THERE REMAINS A FAINT OR EVEN LESS THAN FAINT POSSIBILITY THAT PLAY MAY BE RESUMED IN A TEST MATCH—ESPECIALLY IF IT IS TAKING PLACE AT HEADINGLEY.



THE FIFTY-NINTH SEASON OF "PROMS" OPENS AMID JOYFUL ENTHUSIASM: SIR MALCOLM SARGENT CONDUCTING THE B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, WITH MR. MOISEWITSCH AT THE STREAMER-DRAPED PIANO.

The fifty-ninth season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts opened on July 25 at the Albert Hall, with Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Scenes of joyful enthusiasm marked the occasion, which had the added

modern feature of television to spread sight as well as sound before a wider public. Cheers, communal singing and chanting "We want . . ." preceded the arrival of orchestra and conductor; and the stage was then pelted with gay paper streamers

which remained as a decoration for the piano even after Sir Malcolm had cleared a place for himself on the rostrum. Mr. Moiseiwitsch was the soloist, and played Rachmaninov's Second Piano Concerto with easy brilliance. The programme

included Elgar's "Cockaigne" Overture, Vaughan Williams' "London" Symphony and Walton's new Coronation March "Orb and Sceptre." This season, six different conductors are to conduct five orchestras during the eight weeks.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. TWO BOOKS—ENGLAND AND INDIA.*

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE thought of thirty-nine handsomely illustrated volumes devoted to the History of Art is stimulating or alarming, according to your temperament. I must admit that when I first heard of the project I remained calm and a little curious as to what kind of elephantine encyclopædia, what megalithic monument, would be unveiled step by step, all thirty-nine of them. The first volume to come to hand sets a wonderful standard of clarity and interest, first because of the personality of the author, and, secondly, because his theme is not, as it could so easily have been under less civilised direction, "British Painting," but "Painting in Britain, 1530-1790," which enables Mr. E. K. Waterhouse to deal with our by no means negligible contribution to painting not as a purely insular phenomenon, but as part of a far more interesting story. When the book begins we were a backward lot, and when it ends, in spite of Reynolds and Gainsborough, painters of truly European stature had yet to reveal themselves. They came along quickly enough—Turner and Constable—and presumably a further volume dealing with the years since 1790 will be published in due course. Meanwhile, here is a lively disquisition upon a few notable, and countless pedestrian, painters; and a most lucid account of how great men from abroad set the mark of their genius upon us.

The author was recently Director of the National Gallery of Scotland and is now Director of the Barber Institute, University of Birmingham. Great knowledge one takes for granted, sparkle allied thereto is a gift from the gods; and nimbleness of mind is essential if any readable account of the more dreary decades is possible; these three qualities are present in this book, and the result is one which fulfils the policy of the publishers in good measure—that is, the production of an encyclopædia (new style), one in which the facts will be accurate, but the reader will "be provoked to think for himself." Here, then, is plenty of provocation, and I quote at random. "The truth is that Romney, as a portrait painter, had the dispassionate eye of the camera in expert professional hands, who know that the instrument cannot lie, but are not concerned in making it tell the truth." Of sporting painters "... the general run of sporting painting, although of absorbing interest to the social historian and to the student of the Turf, is on a level with the work of those lesser portraitists whose achievements are passed over in silence in this book. To discuss the Sartorius tribe and such painters is no business of the historian of art, no matter how bitter the accusations of neglect are wont to be from those specialist writers who sometimes confuse the history of art with praising famous horses." Of Van Dyck: "The beauty specialist is concerned with studying the temperament of the individual and advising how that can best be exploited along the lines of prevailing taste. Van Dyck had precisely this sensibility, which he directed not only towards individuals but towards nations and classes of society." Each one of these and 100 other neat, rapier-like remarks are nicely calculated to start an argument and to keep it alive for a month or so, and if the text is stimulating, the 300 or so illustrations are selected with equal skill. In some respects this task of selection must have been more difficult than the

more obviously onerous task of writing the history. A sentence or two, or a page or two, will suffice for this or that minor or unusually dull painter, but if you try to illustrate each one, you can not very well devote less than half-a-page to him, and before you know where you are, you will require another monstrous volume of photographs alone. This selection, drawn largely from private collections, is a good deal more than a visual history—it illuminates with wit and sensibility the always lively narrative. For example, Ramsay's "Norman Macleod, Chief of Macleod," of 1748, is placed opposite to Reynolds's "Commodore Keppel," of 1753; the pose of each of them is derived from the Apollo Belvedere, but what a contrast in treatment! Van Dyck's self-portrait, in which he is self-consciously pointing to a sunflower, the symbol of royal favour, is on the same page as Walker's self-portrait, in which Walker is seen in the same pose but pointing at a statue of Mercury, the god of thieves and vagabonds. The beautiful Romney of Sir Christopher and Lady Sykes (to many minds his masterpiece) can be contrasted with Gainsborough's "Morning Walk," to be seen now in the lovely Gainsborough Exhibition at the Tate, and the difference between the two painters is summarised thus by Mr. Waterhouse. "The figures are Roman statues in modern dress, but with gestures more momentary and less eternal than ancient statues. They have an air of consequence and of the height of fashion, which Gainsborough's beings lack, and they could never be taken for anything but the portraits of individual persons, while Gainsborough's figures can stand for the image of young love." Yet superficial though Romney may be as a rule, there is one magnificent portrait which is surely a penetrating study of character, the Warren Hastings shown opposite the Sir Christopher and Lady Sykes. One very minor criticism with which I dare say no one will agree. There is no mention (at least I can't

discover it) of those few enchanting water-colours by Van Dyck which seem to point the way to what were to be some of our major glories a century-and-a-half later. So much for the first volume of this ambitious and valuable enterprise.

The second, "The Art and Architecture of India," is devoted to India, and is from the pen of Dr.



"A CAPRICCIO. ST. PAUL'S AND A VENETIAN CANAL"; BY WILLIAM MARLOW (1740-1813).

William Marlow, a pupil of Samuel Scott from c. 1756-1761 is also listed by Wright among Wilson's pupils. He travelled England and Wales to paint landscapes, and also produced coast scenes and country-house views as well as "such freaks of fancy as what Canaletto had called *capricci*." The example we give was formerly in the possession of the Sutton Trustees, Benham Park. It is reproduced from "Painting in Britain, 1350-1790," by E. K. Waterhouse by courtesy of the publishers.

ART BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST. RECENTLY PUBLISHED AND RECEIVED.

ART.

"**Art Treasures of the Metropolitan.**" A Selection from the European and Asiatic Collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, presented by the Curatorial Staff. Reproductions in full colour and gold. (Thames and Hudson; £5.)

A great American museum brought into the home by reproductions of paintings and objects. Foreword by the Director, Mr. Francis Henry Taylor.

ARCHITECTURE.

"**Historical Architecture, the Development of Structure and Design,**" by Hugh Braun, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A. Illustrated with photographs and line drawings. (Faber and Faber; 63s.)

An authoritative history of architecture throughout fifty centuries—from Ur to the Industrial Age.

JEWELLERY.

"**A History of Jewellery, 1100-1870,**" by Joan Evans. Illustrated in colour, half-tone and line. (Faber and Faber; £5 5s.)

A documented history of secular jewellery in Western Europe in Mediaeval, Renaissance and later times down to 1870.

"**Four Centuries of European Jewellery,**" by Ernle Bradford. Illustrated. (Country Life; 42s.)

Designed for connoisseurs of jewellery and collectors; and also for art students and young jewellery-craftsmen. It deals with European jewellery from the Renaissance to the present day, historically, æsthetically and technically.

PAINTING.

Faber Gallery Books: "Chinese Painting." Reproductions in colour, with an introduction and notes by Chiang Yee. (Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.)

"**Douanier Rousseau, 1844-1910.**" Reproductions in colour, with an introduction and notes by R. H. Wilenski. (Faber and Faber; 9s. 6d.)

"**Degas.**" (Second Volume.) Reproductions in colour, with an introduction and notes by Michael Ayrton. (Faber and Faber; 9s. 6d.)

The latest additions to the admirable Faber series of monographs on famous painters.

PORCELAIN.

"**Worcester Porcelain,**" by Franklin A. Barrett. Illustrated in colour and monochrome. (Faber and Faber; 30s.)

Not only a feast of finely reproduced specimens, but a great body of material ably brought together to include descriptions of almost every type found in Worcester porcelain.

SCULPTURE.

"**Dictionary of British Sculptors, 1660-1851,**" by Rupert Gunnis. Illustrated. (Odhams; £3 3s.)

Not only an admirable volume of reference, but a fine work of scholarship, and a fascinating and entertaining book of the first importance.

"**Portrait Waxes; An Introduction for Collectors,** by D. E. Reilly. Illustrated. Frontispiece in colour. (Batsford; 42s.)

The first general study of the art of relief portraiture in wax which has appeared in English. The author deals with Continental waxes; but is mainly concerned with the British contribution to the art.

Benjamin Rowland, Professor of Fine Arts at Harvard. Here we have not a mere 460 years of painting in a small island, but 3000 years of The Art and Architecture of a sub-continent, with its related cultures south and south-east—that is, from Ceylon to Indonesia. There are obvious dangers in writing for Westerners about a way of life and an attitude to both Heaven and Earth so different from our own inherited traditions, and not the least valuable part of the book is the brief chapter devoted to Indian religions, which enables the reader to gain some insight into the philosophy—or, rather, philosophies—which form the background to all Indian art. "The concern of Hindu, Buddhist and Jain art has always been the directing of men to reunion with the Great Beings that it reveals in tangible form. To that end, no skill, nor time, nor patience could ever be too much. The works of art were guide-posts to lead men by slow apprehension or sudden intuition to find the treasure hid in the shrine of their own hearts, the seat of the Buddha, of Vishnu, of Siva. In our own quest, religious or æsthetic, they may discover for us a similar treasure." Over this enormous expanse of time and place, with the aid of admirable photographs of temples and of carvings from Afghanistan to Java, the author ranges with complete assurance, and is as much at home in the caves of Ajanta, with their monumental and noble wall paintings, as with the eighteenth-century miniatures from the little states in the Rajput Hills, of which he illustrates one or two enchanting examples from American collections. As in the English book, here is the mantle of great learning lightly worn—and mighty pleasant it is.

* On this page Frank Davis reviews two volumes of The Pelican History of Art: "Painting in Britain, 1530-1790," by Ellis Waterhouse. Illustrated. (Penguin Books; 42s.); and "The Art and Architecture of India," by Benjamin Rowland. Illustrated. (Penguin Books; 42s.).

HOLLAND POST-FLOOD RECONSTRUCTION, JAPAN AND U.S. FLOOD DAMAGE.



THE DISASTROUS FLOODS IN JAPAN: SUFFERERS SHELTERING BENEATH UMBRELLAS WHOSE SHAPE GIVES A DECEPTIVELY FESTIVE LOOK TO THE SCENE, AS THEY WATCH THE TURBULENT FLOOD OF ONE OF THE RIVERS WHICH BURST THEIR BANKS IN WAKAYAMA.



ILLUSTRATING THE IMMENSE EXTENT OF THE INUNDATIONS: A SCENE IN THE WAKAYAMA DISTRICT OF HONSHU, WHERE FLOODS HAVE RENDERED SOME 75,000 JAPANESE HOMELESS.



SHOWING HOW THE 200-FT. BRITISH PHOENIX CAISSON WAS EASED INTO THE GAP WITH THE HELP OF TUGS: CLOSING THE BREACH IN THE NORTHERN SEA WALL OF THE WESTERN SCHELT AT KRUIINGEN, CAUSED BY THE FLOODS OF FEBRUARY.



FLOODS IN AMERICA: A YOUNG WOMAN OF FLUSHING, NEW YORK, CARRYING A NEIGHBOUR'S GOODS IN A BASKET ON HER HEAD THROUGH THE WAIST-DEEP WATER IN A STREET AFTER THE TERRIBLE DOWNPOUR OF RAIN ON JULY 23 IN NEW YORK CITY.



ENCOURAGING A PET DOG TO "WALK THE PLANK" TO DRY LAND AND SAFETY: A RESCUE WORKER AT NORTH HAMPSHIRE TURNPIKE, NEW YORK, AFTER THE RAINSTORM OF JULY 23. THE OWNER OF THE CAR IS STILL SEATED AT THE WHEEL QUIETLY WAITING HIS TURN.

MINESWEEPERS AND MINELAYERS: KEY VESSELS OF MODERN NAVAL WARFARE, AND TYPES ENGAGED IN N.A.T.O. EXERCISES.



A TRAWLER-TYPE CONTROLLED MINELAYER OF THE ROYAL NAVY, DIAGRAMMATICALLY LAID BARE. AN EXAMPLE OF THIS CLASS, H.M.S. STONECHAT, IS SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPHS BELOW.

- KEY TO NUMBERS.
- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Forecastle. 2. Crew's space. 3. Hold. 4. Petty Officers' Mess. 5. Winch. 6. Upper Bridge. 7. Wheelhouse. 8. Chart and Wireless Room. 9. Commanding Officer's Cabin. 10. Office. 11. Stowage. | 12. Boiler Room. 13. Uptake. 14. Engine Room. 15. Engine Room Hatch. 16. Foremast. 17. Lifeboat. 18. Wardroom. 19. Galley. 20. Life Boat. 21. Mine Cranes. 22. Cabin. 23. Hold. |
|---|---|



H.M.S. STONECHAT, A TRAWLER-TYPE CONTROLLED MINELAYER. THIS IS OF 450 TONS, BUT OTHERS OF THE TYPE RANGE BETWEEN 680 AND 345 TONS. THEIR JOB IS LAYING AND ATTENDING CONTROLLED MINELAYERS.



H.M.S. PLUCKY, ONE OF THE OCEAN MINESWEEPERS TAKING PART IN THE N.A.T.O. EXERCISE "DRAGON III." THIS IS OF THE "ALGERINE" CLASS (SEE ABOVE).



AN OCEAN MINESWEEPER OF THE "ALGERINE" CLASS, OF THE TYPE TAKING PART IN LAST MONTH'S N.A.T.O. MINESWEEPING EXERCISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

- KEY TO NUMBERS.
- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Stewards' and Cooks' Mess. 2. A Cabin. 3. Bathroom. 4. Wardroom Pantry. 5. Wardroom. 6. 4-in. Gun. 7. Gun Crews' Shelter. 8. Commanding Officer's Cabin. 9. Life Boat. 10. Wheelhouse. 11. Chart Room. 12. Bridge. 13. Tripod Mast. 14. Motorboat. 15. Sick Bay. 16. Fan Room. 17. C.O.'s Store. 18. Paymaster's Store. 19. Petty Officers' Mess. 20. Seamen's Mess. 21. Passage. 22. Stowage. 23. Stores. 24. Freshwater Tanks. 25. Naval Store. 26. No. 1 Boiler Room. 27. No. 2 Boiler Room. 28. Uptakes. | 29. Galley. 30. Port Engine Room (Triple Expansion Engines). 31. Engine-room Hatch. 32. Life Boat. 33. Workshops. 34. Minesweep Cable Drum. 35. 40-mm. Anti-Aircraft Gun. 36. Stokers' Mess. 37. Provision Issue Room. 38. Generator Room. 39. Minesweeping Store. 40. Minesweep Winch. 41. Depth Charges. 42. Cranes. 43. Stores, Cold Room, etc. 44. Twin screw. |
|---|--|



THIS IS THE N.A.T.O. EXERCISE "DRAGON III." THIS IS OF THE "ALGERINE" CLASS (SEE ABOVE).



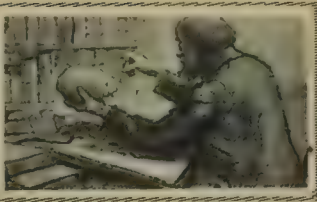
H.M.S. APOLLO, A FAST MINELAYER (COMPLETED 1944)—AND WITH A DISPLACEMENT OF 2650 TONS. SHE IS ONE OF THE "MANXMAN" CLASS, ILLUSTRATED DIAGRAMMATICALLY BELOW.

- KEY TO NUMBERS IN "MANXMAN" CLASS MINELAYER.
- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| 1. Mine gallery extending port and starboard. 2. After 4-in. gun. 3. Officers' Cabin. 4. Wardroom. 5. Auxiliary Machinery. 6. Officers' Cabin. 7. Life Boat. 8. Cranes (port and starboard). 9. Anti-Aircraft Guns. 10. Officers' Galley. 11. Sick Bay. 12. Office. 13. Store Rooms, etc. | 14. Shaft Tunnel. 15. Starboard Engine Room. 16 and 17. Boiler Rooms. 18. 25-ft. Motor Boat. 19. 27-ft. Whaler. 20 and 21. Uptakes. 22. Wireless Room. 23. Oilskin Room. 24. Crew's Galley. 25. Director. 26. Bridge. 27. Signal Office. | 28. Offices (Navigation). 29. Wheelhouse. 30. 4-in. Gun (not in Apollo and Albatross). 31. Flash Shield. 32. Office. 33. Gun Support. 34. Gun Crew's Shelter. 35. 4-in. Gun. 36. 4-in. Gun. 37. Mess Deck. 38. Office. 39. Crew's Space and Mess Deck. 40. Store Rooms, etc. |
|---|--|--|

DURING July the 2nd Mine Sweeping Squadron of the Royal Navy—comprising the four "Algerine"-class Ocean minesweepers, *Fierce*, *Plucky*, *Riftman* and *Chameleon*, and the "Isles" class trawler *Surway*—were engaged from Patras in a large-scale minesweeping exercise with thirty-four ships of five different nationalities, under the supreme command of the Commander-in-Chief, Allied Forces, Mediterranean, Admiral Lord Mountbatten. Squadrons of Turkish, Greek, Italian, American and British ships were engaged for ten days on sweeping mines of all types laid by air, sea and submarines. This exercise, named "Dragon III," was organised by the staff of the Commander, Eastern Mediterranean, and was under the overall direction of the Commander, Mediterranean East, Admiral P. Lappas. The force was under the operational control of Captain D. H. Foulfias of the Royal Hellenic Navy. The five British ships were working in conjunction with three Turkish minesweepers. We illustrate here three types of vessel connected with the offensive and defensive aspects of mines. The most striking of these are the large and very fast "Manxman"-class minelayers—vessels of 2650 tons displacement, with peacetime crews of 242-246, and carrying varying numbers of 4-in. guns and A.A. armament. The Ocean minesweepers of the "Algerine" class vary between 950 and 1040 tons, and carry a peacetime crew of 95. They have been described as the fastest and most efficient minesweepers in the Royal Navy, and have frequently been used as escort vessels. They have one 4-in. gun, A.A. armament and anti-submarine weapons. The controlled minelayers are trawler-type vessels of various types and displacements are used for laying and attending controlled minelayers.

[RIGHT: A LARGE, FAST MINELAYER OF THE "MANXMAN" CLASS TO WHICH H.M.S. APOLLO, PHOTOGRAPHED ABOVE, RIGHT, BELONGS. THESE SHIPS HAVE A MAXIMUM SPEED OF 40 KNOTS. THREE SISTER-SHIPS, *ABDIEL*, *LATONA* AND *WELSHMAN*, WERE LOST IN THE 1939-45 WAR.





THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

MANDARIN DUCK.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

“FOR many years now Mandarin duck have been living in an entirely wild state in parts of Surrey and Berkshire. Though the original birds were escapes from a private waterfowl collection, the birds that can now be seen are all wild-reared. They have found an almost ideal environment here, and are now comfortably holding their own. This part of the country has all the essentials of their natural habitat in the Far East, without necessitating migration.” So, Christopher Savage argues in his book (“The Mandarin Duck,” A. and C. Black; 25s.), that we shall soon have to consider putting the bird on the British list. Those responsible for the compilation of the list are rightly jealous about the species included in it. A species must either be indigenous, or have settled here by natural means, or else its roots must be so deeply embedded by long-continued residence that it has in fact become part of the wild fauna. The claims of the Mandarin may not yet be strong enough even for this last, yet, as Savage shows, there is a considerable breeding colony in Surrey, another in Berkshire, and a smaller one in Bedfordshire. There are also scattered records from up and down the country, even from the southern part of Scotland. Already, the carcasses of the duck can on occasion be seen in the poulterers’ shops, exposed for sale.

To attempt a description of the magnificent Mandarin drake is not easy, except briefly and by parody: “like a painted duck upon a painted lake,” as in the frontispiece, by Peter Scott, included in this book. The forehead is a dark, glossy green turning to a purple on the crown, then rich, coppery red glossed with crimson, passing into the dark purple and green of the long feathers forming the top of a bushy crest. The vermillion bill is flanked by cheeks of cream to buff which extend backwards in the white splash above and the chestnut ruff below. The breast is deep maroon glossed with purple, framed in alternating white and black bands and passing into flanks tinged with a glossy chestnut. The most characteristic and remarkable feature is, of course, the pair of chestnut wing-fans. The duck, as usual, is much less colourful, a study in soft greys, lacking even the “pink” bill; and the gaudy, almost artificial, colours of the drake contrasting with the modest plumage of the duck, present a fitting subject for a Chinese or a Japanese painting.



A NINETEENTH-CENTURY JAPANESE PAINTING OF THE OKYO SCHOOL, FROM THE SOAME JENYNS COLLECTION. THE MANDARIN DUCK FITS APPROPRIATELY AND EASILY INTO THE ART OF CHINA AND JAPAN, ITS NATIVE LANDS.

The earliest references to the duck are not contained in paintings, however, but in the odes or songs collected by the followers of Confucius in about the sixth or fifth century B.C. Paintings of it do not appear until the Sung Dynasty, about the tenth century A.D. By that time, it had become woven into the poetry and cultured folklore as the symbol of fidelity, mutual affection, kindness and consideration. Being abundant in China, both in the wild and in captivity, and the fact that they pair for life, ensured with the Chinese a deep sentiment in favour of the Mandarin duck. With changes in the social structure, however, with far-reaching economic changes, with famine and wars, this palatable bird suffered a persecution against which legal protection was quite ineffectual. The result is that in its native lands it is rapidly diminishing in numbers and threatened with extinction.

The first reference to the Mandarin duck in Europe is that by Aldrovandus, who, writing in 1600, described it as a teal, *Querquedula indica*, from a painting brought to Rome by two Japanese envoys. Some centuries prior to this it had found its way into the aviaries of wealthy Indians. The first evidence of its introduction into this country is contained in a picture in Edwards’ “Natural History” of 1745, of a bird in the gardens of Sir Matthew Decker, Bart., of Richmond. In 1830, Mandarin duck were added to the collections at the London Zoo, two pairs having been purchased at the price of £70, and they have been there continuously since. At first they failed to breed well, but have done so successfully on numerous occasions. Since. At about this same time, it seems that they were being freely imported, and must have found their way into a number of zoos and private parks. About the end of the same century they were included in the large collections of waterfowl assembled at Woburn Park by the Duke of Bedford, and by 1914 this colony alone numbered over 300. Although it suffered a reduction in numbers during both world wars, when feeding-stuffs were short, the fact that the birds could survive at all was sufficient evidence of their ability to become settled in wooded country or shrubby plantations with ponds or streams interspersed.

It looks as though the stories of the Dawn Redwood and of Père David’s Deer will be repeated in the Mandarin duck, of a species that has become extinct in its native land and has survived in a foreign land following artificial transportation. If so, and if we are to see not only its establishment as a wild or semi-wild

introduction into Britain but with its behaviour, feeding habits and biology generally, the whole delightfully illustrated with photographs and reproductions of prints and pictures from many sources.

The spread of the Mandarin duck has another interest, in the close way it follows the history of the spread of the grey squirrel. In both instances we have their introduction at a few isolated points, in zoos or private parks, their acceptance as charming additions to the fauna as they begin to make their escape, and the slow build-up of local populations imperceptibly and, to all intents, harmlessly. With the grey squirrel, a long time passed with these populations relatively static. Then, like the flood-waters breaching the river bank, it surged over a wide area in a short space of time. The same thing seems, incidentally, to have happened with purely wild species uninfluenced by the hand of man. It seems to be the pattern of new dispersals, this period of quiescence followed by



“LA SARCELLE DE LA CHINE.” A Mandarin drake drawn from the life and published in Edwards’ “Natural History” in 1745. The original belonged to Sir Matthew Decker, Bart., of Richmond, and represents the first record of the introduction of the bird into this country.



A MANDARIN DRAKE AND DUCK, FROM SKETCHES MADE AT THE LONDON ZOO AND INCLUDED IN GOULD’S “BIRDS OF ASIA.”

Even without the colours, the almost artificial appearance of the drake is apparent in this picture, which also emphasises the constancy of the pairs. Believed to pair for life, the Mandarin duck became, in China, a symbol of fidelity.

the rapid extension of the range. It should serve as a warning against the introduction of species from other lands, except under conditions of rigorous and continued control. On the one hand, therefore, the future of the Mandarin duck may serve as an interesting biological experiment, an opportunity to observe and analyse the factors involved in its spread. On the other hand, we may be in for trouble. This seems unlikely, however. For one thing, the tree-nesting habits make the duck vulnerable to attack on its broods by raptorial birds, and the ground-feeding habits expose it at all stages of its life to attacks by ground predators, although we have done our best to thin out both of these controlling groups in this country. Whether the duck could be a nuisance, in large numbers, is problematical. The slender evidence we have on this point comes from Woburn. “Sometimes their numbers were such that farmers complained that their crops were being ravaged...” Investigation has shown, however, that they feed on “55 per cent. seeds and leaves, 1 per cent. dragonfly larvæ and 44 per cent. mineral matter...” Everything depends on what seeds and leaves they pay attention to, but so far it seems to be mainly seeds such as acorns, and the leaves of what we normally call weeds.

species but an extension of its numbers and range, then a monograph on it is timely. That Christopher Savage has given us. He deals not only with the history of the duck in China, and of its

BRITAIN'S RAREST ORCHID FOUND AGAIN, AFTER TWENTY-TWO YEARS: THE SPURRED CORAL-ROOT.



GREAT BRITAIN'S RAREST ORCHID—THE SPURRED CORAL-ROOT (*EPIPOGIUM APHYLLUM*)—FOUND AGAIN AFTER TWENTY-TWO YEARS. A FLOWERING SPIKE.

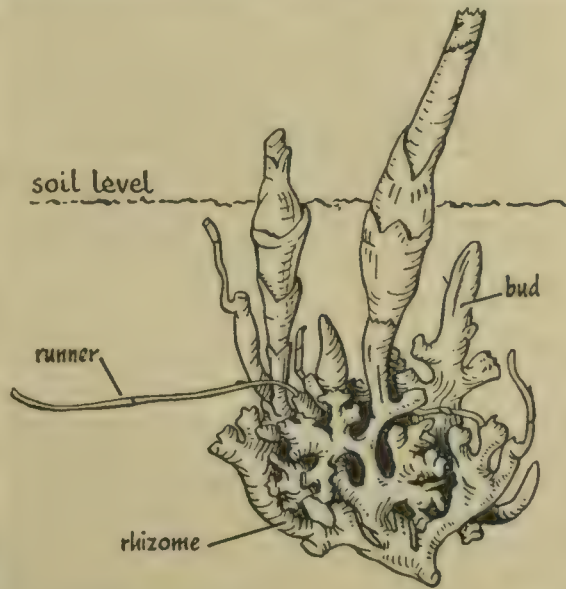


A TWO-FLOWERED SPIKE OF THE SPURRED CORAL-ROOT. THE SPECIMENS FOUND ON THIS OCCASION HAD EITHER ONE, TWO OR THREE FLOWERS TO THE SPIKE.



CLOSE-UPS OF A SINGLE HEAD OF THE SPURRED CORAL-ROOT, FROM THE SIDE AND THE FRONT. THE CENTIMETRE SCALE GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE SIZE. THE LIP AND SPUR (AT THE TOP) ARE VERY PALE PINK WITH MAGENTA-ROSE FLECKS, THE SEPALS (BELOW) ARE AUREOLIN YELLOW.

RECENTLY—after a gap of twenty-two years—Great Britain's rarest orchid, and possibly even rarest flower, was found again, and this time in the largest colony ever recorded in this country. The finder was Mr. R. A. Graham, who made his discovery recently in a dark wood in Southern England. There he found, after an exhaustive search of the locality, twenty-one spikes (three from the same root) of the Spurred Coral-root (*Epipogium aphyllum*); and the photographs which we reproduce were taken on the same day. One spike carried three flowers, the others one or two. Spurred Coral-root is a saprophytic orchid growing in moist, decaying leaves, from which it obtains its food. It derives its name from the underground root, or rhizome, which is branched like coral and which grows 2 to 3 ins. below the surface. This stores up water and food and, at long intervals, sends up flowering shoots. From the study of plants on the Continent, it is known that these intervals may be as long as ten or twenty years, or perhaps more, and may be associated with long periods of damp, climatic conditions such as we have experienced recently. The stem is from 3½ to 5 ins. tall. The leaves are reduced to small, brownish scales and the plant is almost devoid of green colouring. The flowers have the lip uppermost—in most British orchids it is below—and the lip and the large fat spur are very pale pink, like the stem, and are flecked with magenta-rose markings. The sepals are aureolin yellow. Previous to Mr. Graham's discovery only about a dozen plants had been found in Britain. The first, a single plant, was in Herefordshire, in 1854, and at intervals until the last in 1910, a further four single plants were found in that county and in Shropshire. In Oxfordshire at one locality three were found in 1924, and two more a year or two later. In another locality in the same county, two were found in 1931. In spite of regular and thorough search in the known localities, no more plants were found after 1931, until Mr. Graham's discovery, which more than doubled the number of flowering spikes seen in the ninety-nine years since 1854.



A DRAWING OF THE UNDERGROUND PARTS OF THE SPURRED CORAL-ROOT, AFTER ZIEGENSPECK, AND REPRODUCED BY COURTESY FROM "WILD ORCHIDS OF BRITAIN," BY V. S. SUMMERHAYES. (Collins.)

ROYAL OCCASIONS AND FOREIGN NEWS ITEMS — A PICTORIAL MISCELLANY.



TO REPLACE THE 100-FRANC NOTE: THE NEW FRENCH 100-FRANC PIECE, INCORPORATING "MARIANNE" WITH A TORCH AND ON THE REVERSE THE SYMBOLS OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY, WHEAT AND OLIVES.



MARKING THE 10,000TH LANDING ON HER FLIGHT-DECK: THE CREW OF H.M.A.S. SYDNEY FORMING UP IN THE NUMERAL, AS THE CARRIER, WHICH WAS PRESENT AT SPITHEAD, WAS SAILING IN THE PACIFIC.



TENZING, THE CONQUEROR OF EVEREST, IN SWITZERLAND (LEFT) WITH HIS 1952 EVEREST COMRADE, RAYMOND LAMBERT (CENTRE), AND A FELLOW SHERPA. DURING HIS SWISS VISIT THEY CLIMBED THE JUNGFRAU TOGETHER, AND TENZING WAS PRESENTED WITH AN INSCRIBED ICE-AXE.



ANTI-RIOT EQUIPMENT FOR PARIS POLICE. A GLOVE-CUFF OF PLASTIC MATERIAL FORMING A SHIELD, AND A NEW STYLE OF HELMET, DESIGNED TO COUNTER VIOLENCE SUCH AS WAS MET ON BASTILLE DAY.



BEN HOGAN'S GREAT WELCOME IN NEW YORK ON HIS RETURN FROM WINNING THE BRITISH OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT CARNOSTIE: THE VICTOR RIDING IN TRIUMPH ALONG LOWER BROADWAY TO A CITY HALL RECEPTION, WHERE HE WAS HANDLED A SCROLL OF HONOUR AND RECEIVED A TELEGRAM FROM THE PRESIDENT.



THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL GIRLS' SCHOOL, HERTFORD, FOR ITS 400TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WITH THE HEADMISTRESS AND THE PARADE OF GIRLS; WITH ONE BLUECOAT BOY FROM THE BOYS' SCHOOL AT HORSHAM.



PRINCESS MARGARET AT SOUTHAMPTON: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS CHATTING TO CRIPPLES IN INVALID CARRIAGES. SHE VISITED THE NEW YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION HOSTEL AND RECEIVED PURSES ON BEHALF OF THE ASSOCIATION, ON JULY 22.

THE FINEST PALÆOLITHIC DRAWINGS OF THE HUMAN FIGURE—REVEALED BY THE DEMOLITION OF ARTILLERY SHELLS IN A SICILIAN CAVE: A UNIQUE INITIATION RITE.

By ALBERTO CARLO BLANC, F.G.S., Professor of Ethnology in the University of Rome.

A NEW and surprising discovery of palæolithic rock-engravings has just been announced by Mrs. Jole Marconi Bovio, Superintendent of the Antiquities of Palermo; and it is to her courtesy that I am indebted for the authority to use these photographs. The discovery is outstanding, both on account of the unique character of the engravings, and of the circumstances which led to their discovery. On the slope of Monte Pellegrino, near Palermo, in Sicily, the cliff forms a huge shelter in which the existence of a few caves has been long

(Continued below, centre.)

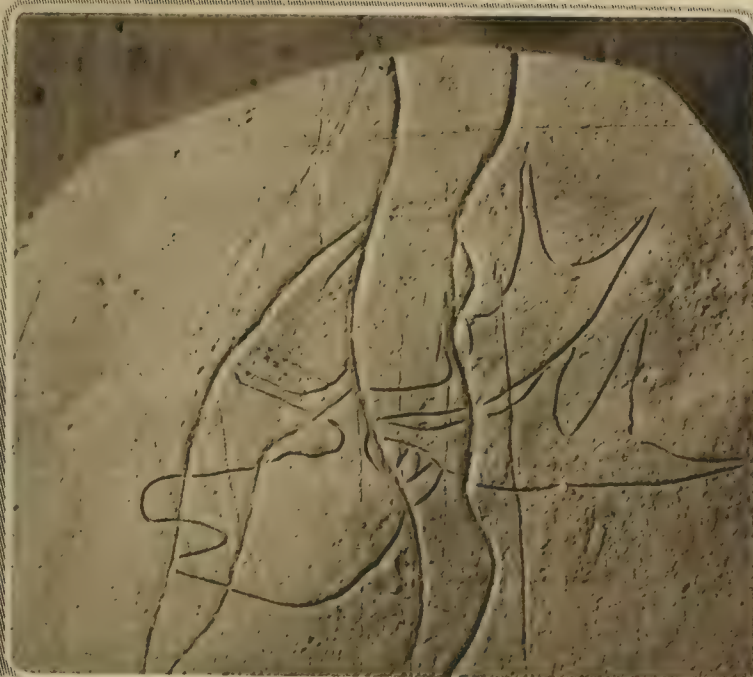


FIG. 2. THIS IS AN ENLARGED SECTION OF THE SCENE SHOWN IN FIG. 9, AND SHOWS A FALLOW DEER'S HEAD OF AN EARLIER SERIES THAN THE MALE TORSO SUPERIMPOSED ON IT.

(Continued.)

confirmed the presence of an upper palæolithic site. Two years before, in 1945, the interior of the small cave called Addaura II. had been violently disturbed by the explosion of a few shells which had been found in the cave, and whose demolition was ordered by the command of the Allied Forces in Italy. The walls of the cave, which had been covered with a layer of concretions and stalagmites—the remains of the upper layer of the filling removed by the shepherds—were shattered by the force of the explosion and blast of splinters, and were, in consequence, decorticated and the bare surface was exposed. But the dust raised by the explosion covered this bare surface and hid it; and so the two archaeologists who excavated in 1947 failed to see that the walls of the cave carried engravings. Only recently, after long action of the wind and of water dripping over the surface, a man out shooting noticed some of the carvings and the news was brought to Mrs. Marconi Bovio, who has now issued a first description of this most remarkable discovery (*Bulletino di Paleontologia Italiana*, Rome, 1953). The walls of this small cave, which are in full daylight, show about thirty engraved animal and human figures the dimensions of which vary between 5 and 15 ins. On the basis of the technique and style of the engravings, they may be subdivided into three main groups: an older series of very thin and rather superficial engravings, including most of the animals; and a

(Continued below.)

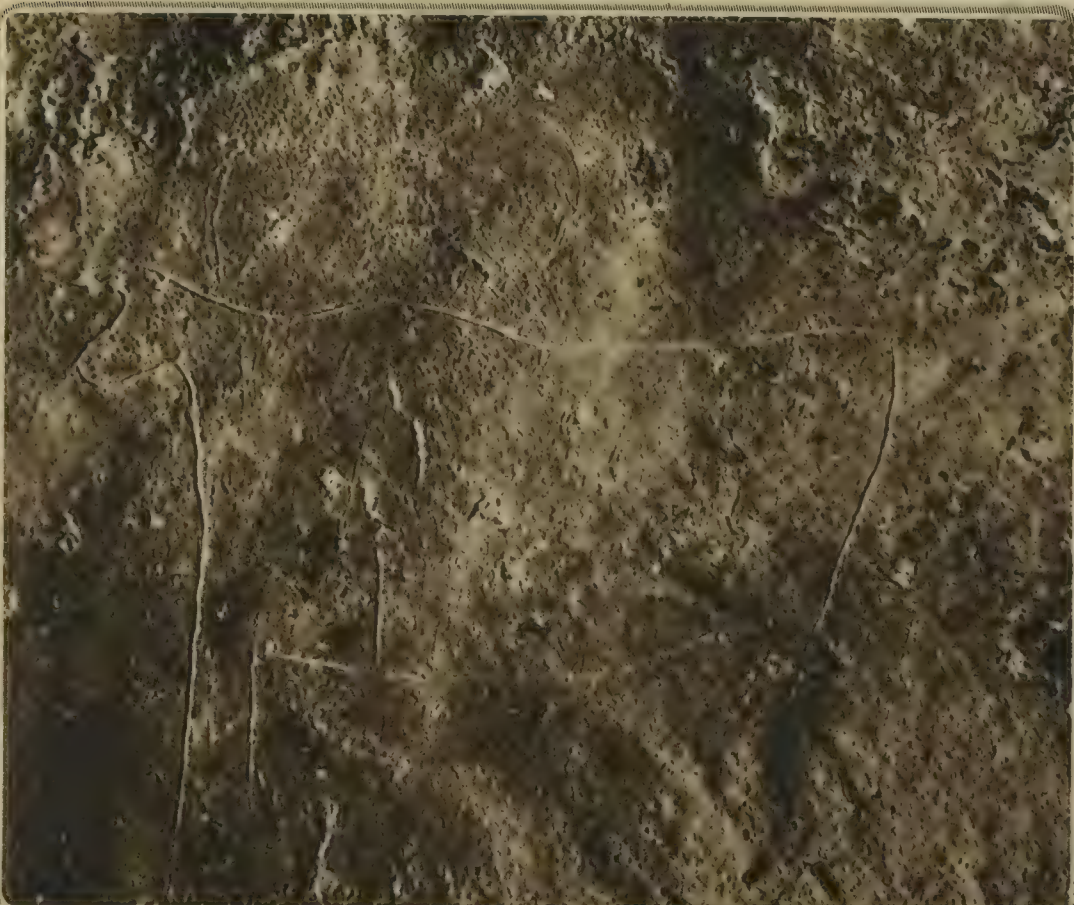


FIG. 1. ONE OF THE ANIMAL DRAWINGS NOW REVEALED AS THE RESULT OF AN EXPLOSION IN A CAVE IN MONTE PELLEGRINO, NEAR PALERMO. THIS SHOWS AN OX IN THE SCHEMATIC STYLE OF THE THIRD PALÆOLITHIC SERIES.

(Continued.)

known both to geologists and palæontologists, and to the herdsmen who use them for their sheep. In the past the shepherds had been engaged in enlarging these caves and had extracted some of the filling of detritus to the depth of about 6 ft., spreading the excavated spoil in front of the caves. They thus destroyed the upper layers of the filling, which contained material of the upper palæolithic industry and remains of an extinct fauna, including *Equus* (*Asinus*) *hydruntinus*, which is so typical of the upper palæolithic in Italy. In 1947 Professor Marconi Bovio and Professor Bernabo Brea, having noticed the presence of the industry and the fossil fauna in the rubble in front of the cave, made an excavation near the entrance, and so

(Continued above, right.)



FIG. 4. ANOTHER OX OF THE LATE SERIES. IN THIS CAVE IT IS REMARKABLE THAT THE DRAWINGS OF HUMANS ARE FAR BETTER THAN THOSE OF ANIMALS, THE OPPOSITE BEING THE CASE IN THE FRENCH AND SPANISH CAVES.

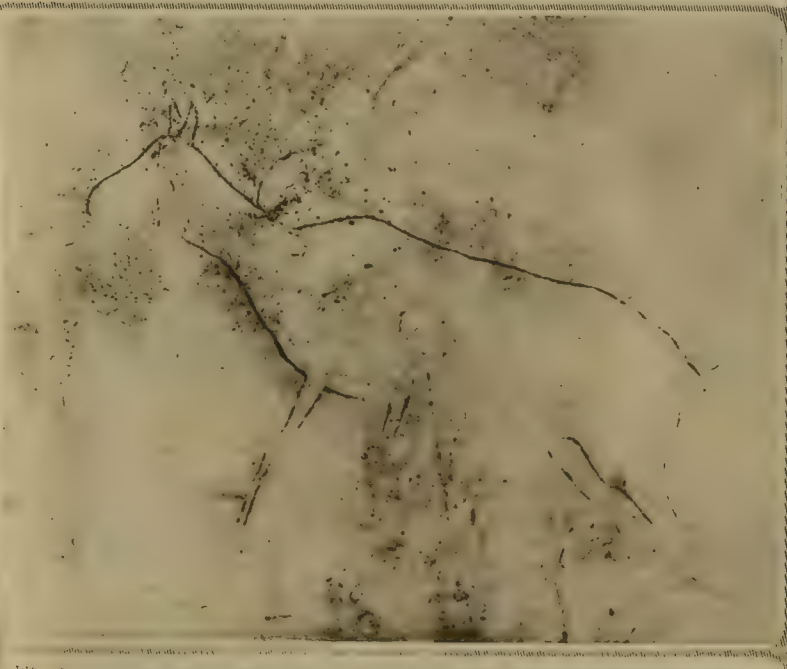


FIG. 3. A HIND OR FAWN OF THE EARLIEST SERIES OF PALÆOLITHIC DRAWINGS ON THE WALLS OF THE ADDAURA CAVE, NEAR PALERMO. IT IS PERHAPS THE MOST NATURALISTIC OF THE ANIMAL DRAWINGS.

(Continued.)

second and third series of deeper ones. The animals, some of which are in a very fine naturalistic style, show fallow deer, horses and oxen (Figs. 1-4). But the human figures (Figs. 5-9) are the most surprising part of the discovery, as they are certainly the finest palæolithic reproductions of human figures which have ever been discovered. The Abbé Breuil, after seeing the pictures of the Addaura engravings, wrote: "This is a new capital fact in palæolithic art, as surprising

and unforeseeable as the 'Recamiers' of the Madeleine de Penne, which have just been discovered in Tarn-et-Garonne." Whereas in the palæolithic engraved and painted "cave sanctuaries" of the Franco-Cantabrie region the rare human figures are generally very incomplete and unnatural in their features and attitudes in contrast with the strictly naturalistic animal figures, the engraved human figures of the Addaura cave show the most remarkable naturalism and an extraordinary

(Continued overleaf.)

NEW AND BRILLIANT LIGHT ON THE PALÆOLITHIC ARTIST: ANIMALS AND MEN FROM THE ADDAURA CAVE, SICILY.

Continued. vivacity of pose. The main group is composed of nine figures (Fig. 9), and shows in the middle two "acrobats" in the full swing of their evolutions, while seven other male figures stand by as if watching the two central personages. Some of them lift their arms, one (or perhaps two) are dancing, the others just stand by. Mrs. Marconi Bovio is inclined to see in this composition a ritual scene, connected with some initiation rite of puberty or fecundity. Other isolated figures (Figs. 5, 6-8) show perhaps archers or lancers; one seems to be aiming

[Continued below, right.]



FIG. 5. IN THE FOREGROUND A MARE WITH PERHAPS A FOAL ABOVE AND BEHIND HER, BELONGING TO THE FIRST SERIES. ABOVE, A VIGOROUS MALE FIGURE OF THE SECOND SERIES, WIELDING A LONG BLADE OR CLUB.



FIG. 7. A DETAIL OF FIG. 9, SHOWING THE VIGOROUS NATURALISM AND LIFE OF THE FIGURES—A STANDING FIGURE WITH A BIRD-MASK, WHO WATCHES THE TWO "ACROBATS" IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND.



FIG. 6. A CONTINUATION OF THE MAIN SCENE SHOWN IN FIG. 9, AND ALL OF THE SECOND SERIES; SHOWING, PRINCIPALLY, A FALLOW DEER, A DANCER, A MASKED MAN WITH A LANCE, AND A WOMAN CARRYING A BUNDLE.



FIG. 8. AN ISOLATED MALE FIGURE OF THE SECOND SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS. THE BIRD-BEAKED MASK IS NOTABLE, AS IS THE GREAT MASS OF HAIR, COMING DOWN TO THE SHOULDERS; AND, IN PARTICULAR, THE MOMENTARY CHARACTER OF MOVEMENT.

Continued.

at a fallow deer and another, perhaps a woman, carries a heavy burden on her shoulders. The bodies are naked, except for the two acrobats, who seem to have light capes on their shoulders. The physique of these naked bodies is extraordinarily elegant, with broad shoulders and narrow waists, sometimes marked by a horizontal line, which may indicate a girdle. The arms, legs and hips are drawn with the greatest artistic taste and sureness of touch. Some features are typically palæolithic. The further extremities of the arms and legs have been ignored by the artist; and so were the details of the face. The figures are shown in outline, without any interior detail except for the lines, which may be girdles, and, in general, the sexual attributes. The faces are always shown in profile and sometimes end in a sharp angle, which may be the chin or a short, pointed beard, but more often wear a mask with a bird's beak. In this feature, they show a certain similarity with the palæolithic semi-human figures of La Cueva de los Casares, but these are in an incomparably inferior style. The heads have long hair, with bulky masses of hair resting on the shoulders. Their shape suggests a comparison with the certainly much later figures on monuments of the Near East and Mesopotamia. It is very difficult to diagnose any race, owing to the absence of facial detail, and the

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 9. "CERTAINLY THE FINEST PALÆOLITHIC REPRODUCTIONS OF HUMAN FIGURES WHICH HAVE EVER BEEN DISCOVERED": THE INITIATION SCENE, REVEALED BY THE ACCIDENT OF SHELL DEMOLITION, IN A CAVE NEAR PALERMO, IN SICILY.

Continued. presence of the "masks." The faces seem to be straight and not prognathous; but in other respects they are undefined. The dating of the engravings as palæolithic seems to be without doubt. Not only is the patination of the engravings exactly the same as that of the one remaining wall surface, but some of the patches of concreted filling, still containing upper palæolithic filling and not detached by

the explosion, still cover parts of the engravings. I may end with the words of the Abbé Breuil, uttered after seeing the pictures from the Addaura cave: "It is certainly a big mistake to think that we know everything, or almost everything, about palæolithic art. We do not cease to learn about new features which raise new problems. And these will only be solved by new, perhaps far-off, discoveries."



A MONTH or two ago (May 9), I wrote an article on this page: "The First Rose of Summer." I told how, in early autumn, I had dug from the open ground, and potted up a bush of the rose "Mme. Cécile Brunner." Having pruned it pretty severely, I wintered it in a sunny, lean-to, unheated greenhouse, where, thanks to trapped sun-heat and shelter from east winds, it started into growth at the turn of the year, and opened its first flowers early in April. By the time the earliest open-air roses had started to flower, my "Cécile Brunner" had produced over sixty of her exquisitely-formed, shell-pink blossoms. After this truly stout effort, I decided that "Cécile" deserved a respite and a reward. I pruned her again severely and planted her in a bed in the open. A generous helping of rich compost was first buried under the place of planting. Now, in mid-July, the bush is in full and vigorous growth again, with several dozen buds ready to open in about a week's time. That, I think you will agree, is a pretty good record for a rose-bush. Yet it is not the whole story. The bush was home made. I had struck it as a cutting two or three years ago. And now, since her April flowering, "Cécile Brunner" has become the parent of a couple of dozen little ones. Can you beat it?

My friend Frank Jacob, of "The Exotic Nursery," at Witney, saw those early roses, was fascinated by them, and asked me if I could let him have a plant some time. When, therefore, I pruned "Cécile" hard back after her indoor flowering, I decided to try a long-shot experiment. I cut the prunings into 3-, 4- and 5-in. cuttings, and stuck them into a 5-in. pot of silver sand. Each cutting was taken, either with a "heel," or cut immediately below a leaf, and all were buried in the sand up to within an inch of their tops. The pot of cuttings went into an unheated, well-shaded frame. Apart from regular watering they received no attention until the first week in July, when I knocked them out to see what they had been up to. To my delight, and greatly to my surprise, I found that all but four or five of the cuttings had tufts of vigorous roots sprouting at their bases. The odd four or five had calloused and were ready to burst into root at any moment. A 100 per cent. strike in a highly unorthodox experiment in rose propagation, carried out at the wrong time of year, seemed to me good enough. I put the whole lot back in their pot, with soil instead of sand, to go on with their rooting, until I can take them—all except perhaps half a dozen—to Witney.

I rather think that Frank Jacob, apart from wanting to grow "Mme. Cécile Brunner" for the sake of her immense charm and beauty, has some plan at the back of his mind for growing her commercially in some way, and I should say that in this he is dead right. I remember seeing great bunches of this rose in the flower market at Nice. I remember, too, that my daughter insisted on buying a bunch. A bunch of roses is not my idea of an ideal item of hand-luggage, when busily on the move between the French Riviera and the

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

HOME-MADE ROSE-BUSHES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

Maritime Alps. But I must own that "Cécile" behaved beautifully, lasted surprisingly well, was a great pleasure and gave very little trouble.

I have looked up "Cécile Brunner's" pedigree, and find: "Poly-Pompon (*R. multiflora* x *Mme. de Tartas*)."

As the name suggests, she is of French origin and was raised in 1881. No chicken! But she seems to be blessed with eternal freshness of youth. The little shell-pink blossoms, when half-open, have the perfect form—in miniature—of a hybrid tea. Later, they open out wide and flat, like some small, pale-pink cabbage-rose—and they are just as intensely fragrant. In addition to all these virtues, "Cécile Brunner" is almost perpetual flowering. From early summer till autumn, she produces crop after crop of her enchanting small roses, sometimes in loose sprays of five or six or seven, and often in great, wide, many-flowered heads.

a vicious jungle of briar suckers, I said bitter words. Roses grafted on briar stocks are always liable to sucker and become a perpetual source of annoyance—and language.

Striking rose cuttings is a very simple matter, and it has the advantage of being a great economy. This, to the poor and the moderately poor, is a blessing. To the fabulously rich it must be a godsend. A start may be made now. Late July and early August is perhaps the best time to put in the cuttings, for then, the soil being warm, rooting takes place more readily than later. They may, however, be put in up to November, or again in March or April.

The cuttings should be well-ripened shoots—stems which have been produced during the current year and which have probably flowered. They should be firm, well-ripened shoots, cut to a length of about 9 ins., and taken either with a "heel" or cut cleanly immediately below a leaf. All the lower leaves should be removed, but the top two or three may be left. Having prepared the cuttings, they must be planted in a trench. With a sharp spade—an old, well-worn one is handiest for the job—nick out a trench about 6 ins. deep, with one side almost perpendicular and the other sloping. Place your cuttings in this trench about 6 ins. apart and leaning against the perpendicular side. It is conventional practice to put a layer of silver sand at the bottom of the trench. It is supposed to stimulate the production of roots. I no longer put sand, having had perfectly satisfactory results without. But if it is any comfort to you, you may as well put in sand. When all cuttings are in place, their bases snug in sand—or not—and with their tops

2 or 3 ins. above ground-level, the trench may be filled in and the soil trodden firmly. The advantage of July or August cuttings is that they are usually rooted before the winter, and are therefore less likely to be lifted by frost than autumn-planted cuttings. By the following spring the cuttings should be well rooted, and it is then purely a matter of convenience whether you leave them where they are until autumn, or plant them at once in their permanent quarters.

A few roses are extremely difficult, if not impossible, to strike from cuttings, but the great majority seem willing to be increased by this method without the slightest fuss or bother. To most gardeners there is great satisfaction in, so to speak, "making" their own plants and bushes, a satisfaction to some folk as great as saving seven-and-sixpence, or several dozen or hundred seven-and-sixpences—or whatever it is they charge one these days for a good rose-bush. Two summers ago I visited the famous garden of a famous gardener. Among other delights there were hundreds of rose-bushes of every sort and kind. The owner told me that they were all home-grown from cuttings. A practical demonstration such as that makes one content to leave the experts to debate the virtues or otherwise of own-root roses and to risk the experiment with a few cuttings scrounged from friends and elsewhere.



THE DELIGHTFUL MINIATURE ROSE, "MME. CÉCILE BRUNNER," "SEEMS TO BE BLESSED WITH ETERNAL FRESHNESS OF YOUTH. THE LITTLE SHELL-PINK BLOSSOMS, WHEN HALF-OPEN, HAVE THE PERFECT FORM—IN MINIATURE—OF A HYBRID TEA. LATER, THEY OPEN OUT WIDE AND FLAT, LIKE SOME SMALL, PALE-PINK CABBAGE-ROSE—AND THEY ARE JUST AS INTENSELY FRAGRANT. IN ADDITION TO ALL THESE VIRTUES, 'CÉCILE BRUNNER' IS ALMOST PERPETUAL FLOWERING."

Photograph by J. R. Jameson.

I have no doubt that some serious, highbrow rosarians will be amused, or shocked, or both, at my unorthodox excursion in rose propagation. I can bear it. And anyway, it worked. But then, many expert rose growers have grave doubts about the wisdom of growing roses on their own roots, from cuttings. On the question of own-root rose-bushes versus grafted or budded plants, there has been endless argument and controversy. One school of thought holds that own-root rose-bushes do not live as long as budded ones. I have struck a great many rose-cuttings in my time, and when, after fifteen or twenty years, they were still fit, hearty and flowering, well, I had no complaints. But when, years ago, I bought and planted a dozen or so moss-roses and then, later, after an absence abroad, returned to find them lost in

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GAINSBOROUGH'S ENCHANTING "SUFFOLK PERIOD": WORKS OF "RURAL EASE."



"LANDSCAPE WITH A PEASANT AND HORSES": BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788). BOUGHT BY THE DUKE OF BEDFORD FROM THE PAINTER FOR 15 GUINEAS ON JULY 24, 1755. (37½ by 41½ ins.) (By courtesy of the Duke of Bedford.)

MOST people think of Thomas Gainsborough as the fashionable portrait painter, and tend to forget the artist who loved his native English countryside. The latter aspect of his genius was stressed in the Arts Council Loan Exhibition devoted to Gainsborough at the Tate Gallery. This important display ends on August 4, and would have

(Continued below.)

(RIGHT.) "FARM LANDSCAPE," PAINTED PERHAPS A LITTLE BEFORE 1755, IN THE ARTIST'S "SUFFOLK STYLE." (36½ by 48½ ins.) (By courtesy of the Hon. J. V. B. Saumarez.)



"VIEW OF DEDHAM," PROBABLY PAINTED IN THE EARLIER 1750'S, A PERIOD IN WHICH GAINSBOROUGH'S NATURAL TALENTS SHINE MOST CLEARLY. (24½ by 30½ ins.) (By courtesy of the Tate Gallery.)



"LE MÉNAGE; AN UNKNOWN LADY AND GENTLEMAN IN A LANDSCAPE," THE MOST FRENCH IN CHARACTER OF THE IPSWICH PERIOD GROUPS OF THE MIDDLE 1750'S. (30 by 26½ ins.) (By courtesy of the Musée du Louvre, Paris.)



"ASSES IN A LANDSCAPE WITH AN OLD PEASANT AND HIS DOG," PROBABLY FROM THE EARLY 1750'S, SHOWING GAINSBOROUGH'S LOVE OF RURAL EASE AND DOGS. (19½ by 23½ ins.) (By courtesy of Major A. J. Clarke-Jervoise.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH A WOODCUTTER COURTING A MILKMAID," BOUGHT FROM THE ARTIST BY THE DUKE OF BEDFORD ON MAY 24, 1755, FOR 21 GUINEAS. (42½ by 51 ins.) (By courtesy of the Duke of Bedford.)

Continued.]

been illustrated in our pages earlier in the year had not so much of our space, of necessity, been occupied by events directly connected with the Coronation. In his introduction to the catalogue, Mr. E. K. Waterhouse wrote: "Gainsborough spent his prentice years in London in the middle 1740's, in association with Gravelot and Hayman. . . . He absorbed the mechanics of the French pastoral tradition (which derived ultimately from Boucher, who was Gravelot's master)

and the habit of drawing puppets from dressed-up dolls, and he confirmed his natural liking for informality, rural ease and the companionship of dogs. These are the essential elements in his Suffolk style which he practised at Sudbury and Ipswich from about 1747 until he moved to . . . Bath . . . Gainsborough's natural talents shine most clearly in the work of these Suffolk years." It is this phase of his art that is illustrated by the six works reproduced on this page.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

A GROUP OF GRANDEES.

By J. C. TREWIN

HIS GRACE the Duke of Plaza-Toro (either as himself or as a limited company) has always been one of my favourite grandees, an unaffected, undetected, well-connected warrior: after all, he says so himself. Except during certain strenuous moments in the second act, he takes life with immense dignity: no Castilian hidalgo was ever more dignified and more gracious, and certainly none ever sang a better song. I was charmed to meet His Grace again, in Venice and in Barataria, during the latest D'Oyly Carte revival of "The Gondoliers" (Sadler's Wells), though it was puzzling at first to find the news (on a programme cherished by collectors) that the part would be played by Miss Ann Drummond-Grant.

All was well. The Duke proved to be Peter Pratt, mild and puckered. He has a gently-crackling geniality. I found equally pleasant the Don Alhambra Del Bolero of Fisher Morgan. This Grand Inquisitor has the blandness of a peach, the ripeness of a plum. It is quite plain that he would torture anyone in the most civilised and considerate manner. For me this pair must always govern "The Gondoliers" (set as decoratively as usual, with Charles Ricketts' Canaletto-background of the lagoon for the first act). Personally, I would rename the opera "The Grandees."

It is, all told, another happy revival, even if the *gondolieri* and *contadine*, impeccable in song, have a certain archness in the spoken word and clearly dislike any long speech. A pity, for Gilbert, as a librettist, is a grandee, and he deserves every care.

This is a period for grandees. At the Old Vic the other night an American voice was heard to whisper, "I can't sort out all these Dukes," and many hearts were with the speaker. The trilogy of "Henry the Sixth" bristles with Dukes (and Earls). All the counties of England seem to be engaged. And never was a more bellicose peerage, one better able to dart a sword, to fling a taunt, to turn with a sneer, or—as the Duke of York does in his fight with Clifford at the end of "Part Two"—to wield what I believe is a spiked mace. This is a trick few grandees have learned (and to-day it is out of fashion). John Arnatt is an accomplished mace-bearer.

On seeing "Part Two" again, I noticed especially that mock-grandee, Jack Cade, and the crowd scenes that foreshadow so much in the later Shakespeare. Cade is a rich part for a lusty actor. It will be unfortunate if, after the Birmingham-Old Vic revival, it has to go upon the shelf (though I take it that Michael Benthall means to revive "Henry the Sixth" in his plan of a complete Vic Shakespeare within five years).

Two years ago, at Birmingham, the Cade scenes came out less well than the main hurly-burly of the Wars of the Roses. (In the play the Cade business is a small civil war within a civil war.) But, at the Vic, the rebellion of the Kentishmen was a fierce matter indeed, with moments in it—for example, the deaths of the Clerk of Chatham and of Lord Say—as horrifying as the murder of Cinna—the poet in "Julius Cæsar." Cade of Ashford, "the stubborn Kentishman," is a swashier who fulfils all that the Duke of York says about him when proposing to foment the rebellion:

In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kernes,
And fought so long, till that his thighs
with darts

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
Him caper upright, like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.

With his "visage stern, coal-black his curled

locks, deep-trenched furrows in his frowning brow" (that is King Henry's description as he views the head), Cade is a dangerous fellow to lead any rebellion. He



"AND NEVER WAS A MORE BELICIOUS PEERAGE, ONE BETTER ABLE TO DART A SWORD, TO FLING A TAUNT, TO TURN WITH A SNEER . . ." THE BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S TRILOGY OF HENRY VI. THE DEATH OF BEAUFORT (ALFRED BURKE) IN PART II. KING HENRY (JACK MAY) IS STANDING ON THE RIGHT.

claims to be the son of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. He has a ferocious swagger. He is utterly



THE "HURLY-BURLY OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES." HENRY VI., PART III, IN THE BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY PRODUCTION AT THE OLD VIC. EDWARD EARL OF MARCH, AFTERWARDS EDWARD IV. (ALAN BRIDGES), LEFT CENTRE, WITH, BEHIND HIM, RICHARD DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (EDGAR WREFFORD). HENRY VI. (JACK MAY) IS ON THE EXTREME RIGHT, AND MARGARET OF ANJOU (ROSALIND BOXALL) ON THE RIGHT CENTRE.

ruthless. And, unlike the Duke of Plaza-Toro (whom he would have dismissed as a "silken-coated slave"), he does not lead his regiment from behind when there is any fighting. He is always on top of his world;

and he keeps a demagogue's bravado. "He is but a knight, is 'a'?" he asks when told that Sir Humphrey Stafford approaches. "To equal him I will make myself a knight presently." And, kneeling, he dubs himself "Sir John Mortimer" and rises with enthusiasm: "Now, have at him!" Whereupon Sir Humphrey Stafford, entering "with drum and soldiers" according to the stage direction, has the not very tactful remark: "Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down." The people of "Henry the Sixth" run into such a speech as this at a second's notice. One could compile an anthology of invective from this play alone.

Cade, the mock-grandee, has an adventurous and ruthless day or so with "all his rabblement." "Up Fish Street!" he cries. "Down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!" But the end is inevitable; he discovers that never was "feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude." After five days' wandering he is killed in a Kentish garden by the poor esquire, Alexander Iden. There is a hand-to-hand fight, done as well (by William Avenell, the Cade, and William Driver, the Iden) as anything in this trilogy of broil and battle. Cade, as we expect, has the last word: "Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man." A single-minded ruffian.

Sir Barry Jackson's rendering of the trilogy—the production is by Douglas Seale—will be long remembered. I regret the loss of one scene only, Suffolk's capture off the coast of Kent and the passage that begins with those Marlovian lines, "The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day is crept into the bosom of the sea." True, the scene is thick fustian; but it would have been amusing to hear the last few lines ("Great men oft die by vile bezonians") that have more than a touch of Ancient Pistol. At the Old Vic now, this vigorous Suffolk dies on land, and briefly.

Suffolk's family name was William de la Pole. At

the centre of "His Eminence of England," the Canterbury Festival play, we had Reginald Pole, Cardinal of England and, during the last two years of Mary the First's reign, Archbishop of Canterbury. Here Hugh Ross Williamson has written a chronicle-play that is dignified and impressive (the word is rubbed but true; this play does impress itself upon the memory). Pole has been insufficiently recognised; his tomb is in Canterbury Cathedral, but not many passers-by know his tale. It was strange to see the events of Pole's life played out in the Chapter House of Canterbury, with Robert Speaight to persuade us that here was a man of faith and courage.

He treated appreciatively a passage in which Pole, among the "sharp cypresses and the harsh ilex" of Italy, remembers the English trees, "the beech and hazel woods in Buckingham; the great oaks in Bardfield Park; those crooked elms near Harwich; the Midland yews; and growing everywhere, unplanted by man's hand, the Queen of trees, the English ash . . ." The speech may be only a decoration; but it is a pleasure to have such summoning prose as Mr. Williamson's, and the cast—under Norman Marshall's direction—spoke it with understanding. I shall recall the names of Susan Buret (Queen Mary) and Jennifer White (the Elizabeth). Miss White's composed and watchful Princess Elizabeth has one short scene only; but she brought up for us—in her silences as in her speech—a portrait of the Queen-to-come.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"ONDINE" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—The Belgian National Theatre presents with resource Giraudoux's fantasy of the water-sprite wedded to a human. (July 14-18.)

"HIS EMINENCE OF ENGLAND" (Canterbury).—Hugh Ross Williamson, who never lets the writing of a chronicle-play turn to wax-modelling, summons for us Reginald Pole, Cardinal of England, who died—as Archbishop of Canterbury—a few hours after Queen Mary I. It is a play both dramatic and thoughtful; and Robert Speaight was the right actor to present Pole upon the Chapter House stage. (July 14-18.)

"THE GONDOLIERS" (Sadler's Wells).—Gilbertian Venice and Barataria, with Peter Pratt in dual dignity and Fisher Morgan to stroke along Don Alhambra. A very likeable revival. (Last performance, July 31.)

VARIETY (Palladium).—An unpretentious singer, Guy Mitchell, and some "good mixed feeding." (July 20.)

"LE HEROS ET LE SOLDAT" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—A brisk Belgian idea of "Arms and the Man." (July 20.)



"NOTRE DAME 1900"; BY HENRI MATISSE (b. 1869), WHO TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO WAS LEADER OF THE FAUVES. PURCHASED 1949. (Oil on canvas; 18½ by 15 ins.)

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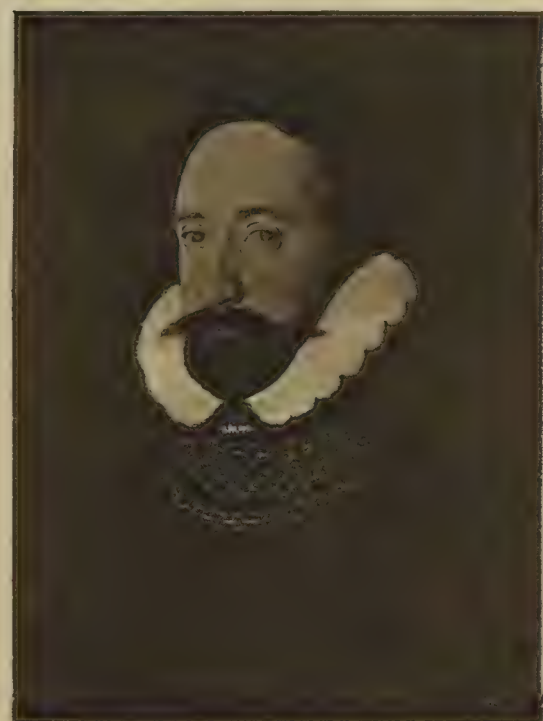
(RIGHT.) "THE CORNFIELD 1918"; BY JOHN NASH, R.A. (b. 1893). PRESENTED BY THE CONTEMPORARY ART SOCIETY, 1952. (Oil on canvas; 27 by 30 ins.)



"LADY KYTSON"; BY GEORGE GOWER (APPTD. SERGEANT-PAINTER FOR LIFE TO QUEEN ELIZABETH I. IN 1584). PURCHASED 1952. (Oil on oak; 26½ by 20½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"; BY PETER BORSELER (fl. 1665). BEQUEATHED BY SIR EDWARD MARSH THROUGH THE N.A.C.F. (Oil on canvas; 36 by 28 ins.)



"SIR THOMAS KYTSON"; BY GEORGE GOWER (APPTD. SERGEANT-PAINTER FOR LIFE TO QUEEN ELIZABETH I. IN 1584). PURCHASED 1952. (Oil on oak; 20½ by 15½ ins.)



"THE BRIDGES FAMILY"; BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A., c. 1804 (1776-1837). PRESENTED BY MRS. WALTER BOGUE BRIDGES, 1952. (Oil on canvas; 53½ by 72½ ins.)



"FEMME NUE ASSISE"; BY PABLO PICASSO (b. 1881). LATE 1909 OR EARLY 1910. PURCHASED 1949. (Oil on canvas; 36½ by 28½ ins.)

During the past few years all the three collections which comprise the contents of the Tate Gallery, Millbank, that is to say, British Painting, Modern Foreign Painting and Modern Sculpture, have been very considerably enlarged. A selection of these acquisitions, some of which are purchases, others gifts or bequests, have been placed on view in Galleries 24 and 25, and form a most interesting display. They include two important paintings by John Constable,

the "Marine Parade and Old Chain Pier, Brighton" (which we do not illustrate), and the "Bridges Family," which has just been cleaned. The two Elizabethan portraits by George Gower are of great interest; and such twentieth-century British painters as Sickert, Steer, Coldstream, Freud, Francis Bacon and others are represented. Among the foreign works is the Picasso of the Cubist period which followed his Fauve period; and a Henri Matisse landscape of 1900.

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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THERE are some novels which can be tolerably well described, merely by saying what happens in them. Even when personality has been strained off, we get a true though maimed idea of the real impact. It is, of course, a matter of degree; but as a rule *something*, at any rate, survives. Novels of undiluted tone, in which the baby has to go out with the bath-water, are an unusual hazard. And when they do appear, one would expect them to be light and "slim." How can an outsize tale hold itself up, if it has no bone structure—if it is personality and nothing else? And how is one to give a notion of it?

"A Tale of Two Worlds," by Georgina Sime and Frank Nicholson (Chapman and Hall; 15s.), does not, in fact, hold itself up; it simply flows along, and, but for sheer mechanical objections, might for ever flow. It could expand indefinitely at all points, and keep on to the end of time, with no real change of character. Not that events are lacking; they occur all through, and bear some likeness to a plot. The scene opens in old Vienna, where a young, lovely, noble girl has run off with a gipsy fiddler. Ida von Kautsch did right; theirs is a marriage of true souls—but it is ill-assorted here and now, and though her world is well lost, it is lost indeed. They are the poorest of the poor, and Stephan Racz is without conscience as a husband. Thanks to a friendly dressmaker next door, Ida can keep her children; and she is left to do it, sometimes for years on end. She dies exhausted and still young; whereupon Stephan walks out and is seen no more. Lisl, the eldest child, marries a cobbler—a good, kind man, who will look after Franz and Kati. . . .

But no; it can't be treated as a plot. Kati grows up and goes to Canada, which is the second world. And there the nameless "I" is suddenly revealed as a new figure, a kind of universal aunt. Nothing, in principle, could be more gauche; yet here it scarcely jars, because the "I," so unexpectedly located, has been of prime importance from the first. Her comment is three-quarters of the tale, and nearly the whole charm. In fact, one might describe the narrative as a long talk—a wise, kind, intimate, appealing talk, all about love and change, and harmony and imperfection. Miss Sime is the most charitable writer I have ever read. She never utters a harsh word; even her blame is mild, and quite phenomenally rare. Yet not at all for lack of insight. Although a stranger-guest in the material world, she is well up in human beings; and in the field of sympathy and personal love, she has an inexhaustible discrimination. Yet she makes no pretence that love is ever wholly satisfying or perfect. Rather, it is the magic root

Which in another country, as is said,

Bears a bright golden flower, but not in this soil.

Those other lands, in the compassion hereafter, are her ground of hope. As for her gait and charm—the closest parallel I can suggest is Lady Ritchie. Although Miss Sime has not the wit of Thackeray's daughter, they are both sibyls by the hearth, gentle and wise, chatting away in a familiar, anything but vulgar, style.

OTHER FICTION.

"A Ball in Venice," by Anthony Rhodes (Arthur Barker; 12s. 6d.), admits no hope at all; it is dry, light, amusing and despairable. In the most lovely man-made spot on earth, the doomed "Gehenna of the waters," people are being themselves to the last gasp. The Countess Satterthwaite is giving a colossal Ball. For this she wants the neighbouring palace, with its Ludovici room. So do the British Council, who can't pay for it. Elliott Blacker wants to sell—but he detests Americans, and Countess Satterthwaite and modern art, and holds his hand at the last moment. Franco Colao and his Communists detest the Ball, and the contending elements *en masse*. Only John Whittaker, the British Council's new recruit, favours goodwill all round; but he was knocked out in the war, and has had twelve months in a loony-bin. As a result, his sole desire is to get everybody what they want and make them friends for life. And as he is supposed to be the nephew of Lord Whittaker, the greatest figure in the world, he can exert a lot of pull. Indeed, thanks to his multiple approaches and his "uncle's" name, it all seems to be working out. . . . But men have settled their own hash; they can't reverse, and any slight appearance of reversal is dramatic irony.

Thrown in, we have an island of mad painters, a peculiar night-club, a village swept away by floods, and, to conclude, the Ball. The author adores Venice, and has no spite against mankind. Only, he is uncomfortably truthful. His "poor condemned English," on the way out and ludicrously fighting back, present a sorry spectacle indeed.

"Love on the Make," by Anne Piper (Putnam; 10s. 6d.), offers unbridled merriment and nonsense, with just the right grain of romance. Annabelle starts her working life as nanny to a Maharajah's baby which has ginger hair. When she sees Josephine, she understands the hair; but she has yet to learn of the conspiracy. This is, in brief, that she shall take the Maharajah's eye, banish his red-haired choice, then make her exit with a bonus. That nice young man, Mr. James Ramsgate, will collect as well. When he expounds his plot—by moonlight in the Taj Mahal—Annabelle hears him with a smile, and vows a deep revenge. And so to Knightsbridge—via a *lête-à-lête* with the seducer on a sinking ship. Bright-witted, farcical, inventive—and extremely gay.

"Into Thin Air," by Jack Iams (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), features the Voice of America. One of its leading broadcasters is Courtney Templeton, a Liberal commentator with an air and a red nose, by some regarded as a has-been. Some all-Americans call him a "pinko" or a "bleeding heart." But the narrator, Ed Tremont, rather looks up to him; they are both newsmen, too, gasping in Government employ. Then one day a security directive on a Balkan rumour comes in the absence of the chief, and just when Templeton is on the air. Ed opens it without authority; which is crime one. Then, he leaves Templeton in charge of it. After the broadcast, both Templeton and the directive disappear. Ed, now suspended and taboo, goes on a private hunt, rich in girls and gangsters. Though the material is nothing new, here it deserves three stars; it is a brilliant story all the way.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

CHESS has not only taken me to many lands, but has made it first desirable, then necessary, and finally imperative, to tackle foreign languages. When a keen young amateur asked me what books I could recommend for advanced study of the openings, I had to tell him, to his discomfiture, that only one of the four best general works is in English, the others being in Russian, Dutch and Czech.

There has rarely been a day in the last twenty years when I have not, as a result of chess, found myself reading, speaking, translating from or just studying one of a dozen or more foreign languages.

Can there be a better way of learning a foreign language than in connection with some favourite pursuit? I have gazed at a page of Norwegian or Portuguese about chess, almost aching to know what it meant and, hey presto!—in some magic way the meaning would suddenly come through to me, as clear as daylight.

I spent nine years of my youth in Welsh Wales. I picked up a little of the language; thought little of it. Every year that has passed since has increased my respect. In sounds, in system and syntax, Welsh is further from English, German or Italian than any of these from each other. Its Celtic mechanisms are totally distinct from either Latin or Teutonic. When I learnt that Celtic was spoken, in pre-Roman times, throughout what is now Europe, and as far away as the Balkans, my surprise reached its peak. We English have, right on our doorstep, a linguistic treasure-house.

As scientist-cum-chessplayer, I fear my approach to the study of language has been a little disrespectful at times. Whatever the language under review, sooner or later my tutor has provided me with a secret belly-laugh by observing sagely that such-and-such a combination of sounds "can't be uttered." If only he would content himself with saying it is not *allowed* in that particular tongue . . . but no! "It's impossible; too awkward for ordinary speech!" We were told in the kindergartens of our childhood: "You can't say 'a apple.'" But you and I can say "China and Japan" and, though the B.B.C. seems to need an "r" between the first two words, we don't. You need go no farther than Le Havre to hear the French cheerfully tackling the same vowel clash. The French "can't" say "a il?" so must make it "a-i-il?"—yet in the next breath they come out with "la hiérarchie. . . ."

Each language, it seems to me, inflicts one particular set of tongue-twisting sounds on its exponents, only to recoil with horror from another set of sounds which its next-door neighbours take in their stride.

"You can't have a word without a vowel." But Russian has "sss" meaning "with" and "vvv" meaning "in." There's an island in the Adriatic called Krk, and here is a whole sentence in Czechoslovakian: "Strč prst skrz krk," meaning "put finger in throat."

Even in English, isn't "Mmmm!" with its unmistakable implication of slightly dubious rumination, at least as good an interjection as "Ah!" or "Oh!" or, for that matter, "Psst!"

Bernard Shaw was far from being my god. But his plea for simplified spelling has one devotee in me. I can not believe that anybody could dabble in two or three foreign tongues, including Russian, without realising how utterly foolish our spelling is. If that should fail to convince him, then he should, like me, have his children punished for writing, for example, with perfect logic, "Throo the nite," and sadly puzzled about it all.

THE tumult and the shouting may have died; the captains (some of them), and certainly all the kings have departed. But when I opened Major-General Sitwell's majestic work on "The Crown Jewels" (Dropmore; £5 5s.), I recaptured more than a little of the splendour, solemnity and magnificence which I was privileged to witness from the triforium of Westminster Abbey on June 2. The Coronation has naturally stimulated the publication of a large number of works on the ceremony itself, its history and significance, as well as on the Crown Jewels and other Regalia so intimately connected with it. They have been, as all such works must be, of unequal merit, but for the most part they have been of a standard well in keeping with the occasion. None of those that I have seen can compare with General Sitwell's in dignity of presentation. The eight colour-plates achieve

an effect which I had never thought to be possible; they convey quite clearly to the eye the scintillating light in the heart of such great jewels as the sapphire of King Edward the Confessor and the Black Prince's ruby; even the flash of the historic diamonds, the Koh-i-Noor and the Stars of Africa, is reproduced with an art which is none the less brilliant for being unashamed of its technique. At the back of the book are thirty-two monochrome plates comprising an illustrated catalogue of the rest of the Regalia, and of such semi-liturgical pieces as the Maundy Dish, used by sovereigns on Maundy Thursday. In this work, as in others, I have found much to fascinate me in the historical associations evoked by the Crown Jewels. "In the reign of Edward the Confessor," writes General Sitwell, "palace organisation was very simple; all the King's business, and the business and administration of his Kingdom, took place in the King's Chamber. The Treasury, which no doubt contained the Regalia, consisted of a box under the King's bed. It was from this humble beginning that the whole system of the Civil Service has grown." Mr. Butler must, I imagine, sometimes yearn for the simplicity of an age when a couple of stout churls could have carried the entire Treasury about after him wherever he went! General Sitwell is not always quite accurate when he steps outside his own subject, as when he suggests that the Bible was not presented to the Sovereign until 1689, because of a survival of "the then Roman belief that a layman should not read the Bible." That is an old canard, and in the next sentence the General shows himself to be unaware of the interesting fact that, until quite late in the Middle Ages, and indeed later, some Roman canonists were still in doubt as to whether the Coronation anointing did not in fact convey some semi-ecclesiastical status. But these are small blemishes in a work carried out with so much care and scholarship, so much splendour and such superb craftsmanship.

Phoenix House, Ltd., have just initiated what they themselves announce as their most ambitious publishing project to date, the first two volumes of a facsimile reproduction in colour of John Speed's "England" (£4 10s. each volume). I knew little, I must confess, of John Speed, though his "very rare and ingenious capacities in drawing and setting forth of mappes and genealogies" was familiar from reproductions far less attractive than those which we can now enjoy in these volumes. But the text was entirely new to me, and I am enchanted with it. Here is what Mr. Speed (*circa* 1610) has to say about Cornwall: "Touching the temperature of this County, the aire thereof is cleansed as with *Bellows*, by the *Bellows* that ever worke from off her environing Seas, where-thorow it becommeth pure and subtil, and is made thereby very healthfull, but withall so piercing and sharpe, that it is apter to preserve than to recover health." And here is a phenomenon which, though I do know Herefordshire well, I have never heard of, and I am sure that the inhabitants would never wish repeated: "But more admirable was the worke of the Omnipotent even in our owne remembraunces, and yeere of Christ Jesus 1571, when the *Marcley Hill* in the East of this Shire rouzed it selfe out of a dead sleepe, with a roaring noise removed from the place where it stood, and for three daies together travelled from her first site, to the great amazement and feare of the beholders." One could, of course, go on quoting this exquisite seventeenth-century prose for ever, but I must end with one or two of Speed's remarks about London, which we might do well to take to heart: "This London (as it were) disdaining bondage, hath set her selfe on each side, far without the wals, & hath left her West-Gate in the midst. . . . No walls are set about this citie, & those of London are left, to shew rather what it was, than what it is: Whose Citizens, as the *Lacedaemonians* did, do impute their strength in their men, and not in their wals, how strong soeyer." Stout and sturdy John Speed, combining elegance of art and diction with robust patriotism! The temper of the first Elizabethan Age blows through these volumes as with *Bellows*!

The purpose of Henri Fluchère in writing his "Shakespeare" (Longmans; 25s.) was to give Continental readers a summary of the development and results of Shakespearean scholarship over the past twenty-five

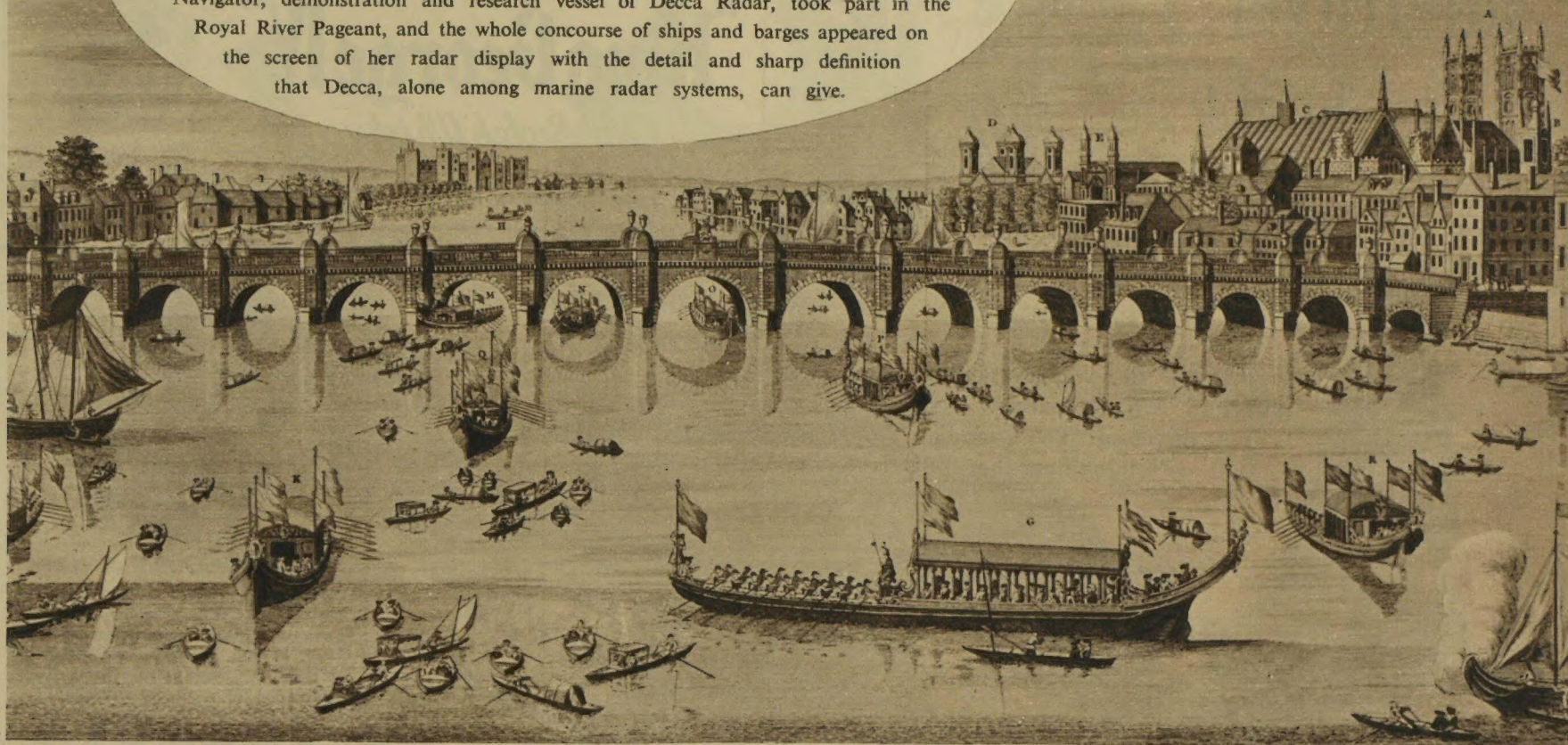
years. In doing so, he has written a series of essays which have already been hailed by experts as a notable contribution to his subject, and which the ordinary reader will find most readable and stimulating, full of that sound reasoning and clear philosophy which so distinguishes French authors at their best. (Incidentally, this fine study of Shakespeare does not contain the word "Hamlet" in the index. Can this be a record?)

Miss G. B. Stern's "A Name to Conjure With" (Collins; 15s.) ought surely to have appeared in her publisher's autumn list, it is such a perfect example of the book to give appreciative friends for Christmas. Discursive, witty, talented, spirited, friendly—friendship and name-association are the author's themes, if we must search for themes—gay, charming and kind: it is that kind of book. I wonder if any less agile writer than Miss Stern would have had the temerarious notion of coupling the art of Mr. Evelyn Waugh and Mr. P. G. Wodehouse? To tell my readers how she arrives at this would be to spoil what is, for all its light dexterity, a piece of sound criticism. Let them read the book, and find out for themselves!

E. D. O'BRIEN.

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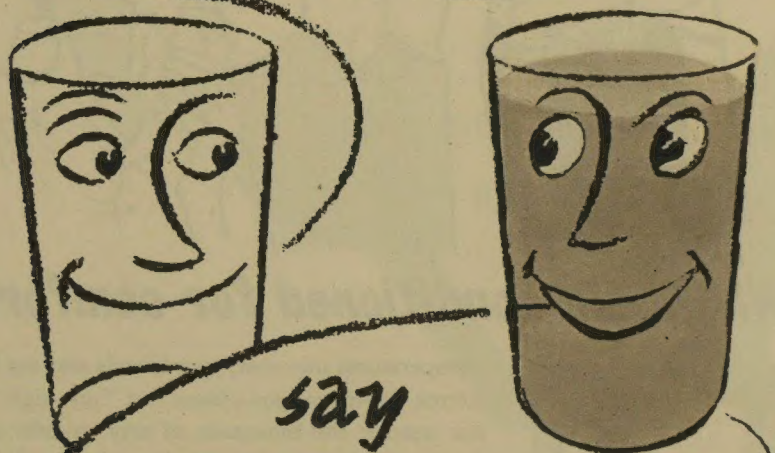
The State Barges which are the centre of our London river pageants have seen the Pool choked with masts and yards, and the new bridges span the river one by one. Smuts from the tall chimneys of the earliest paddle tugs may once have darkened their gilding but, so far as we know, they have never before been targets for radar pulses or been painted as clearly defined shapes on a PPI display. Last week however, the m.y. Navigator, demonstration and research vessel of Decca Radar, took part in the Royal River Pageant, and the whole concourse of ships and barges appeared on the screen of her radar display with the detail and sharp definition that Decca, alone among marine radar systems, can give.



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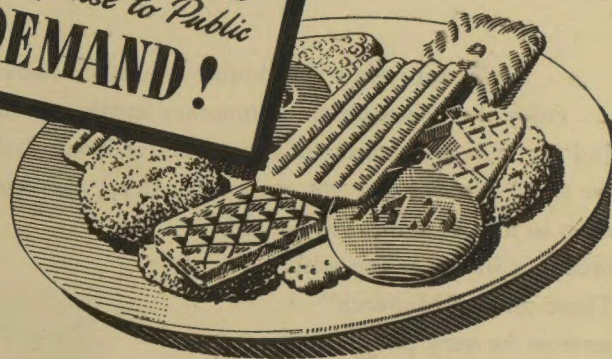


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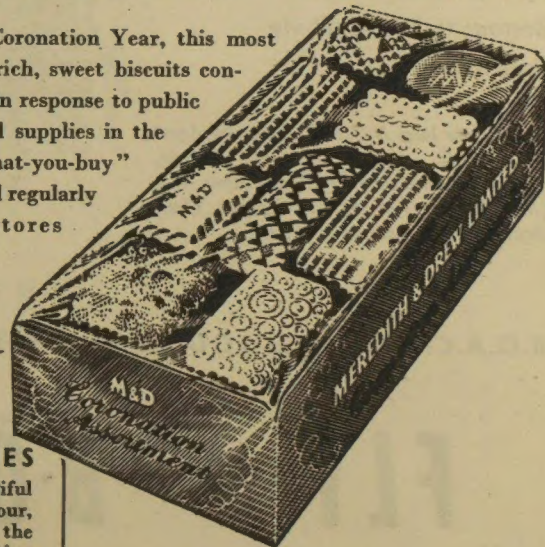
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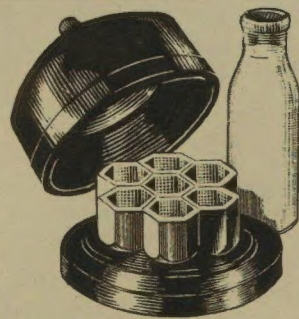


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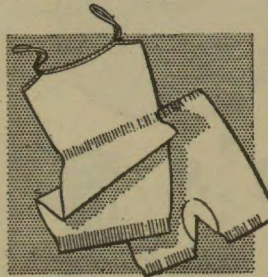
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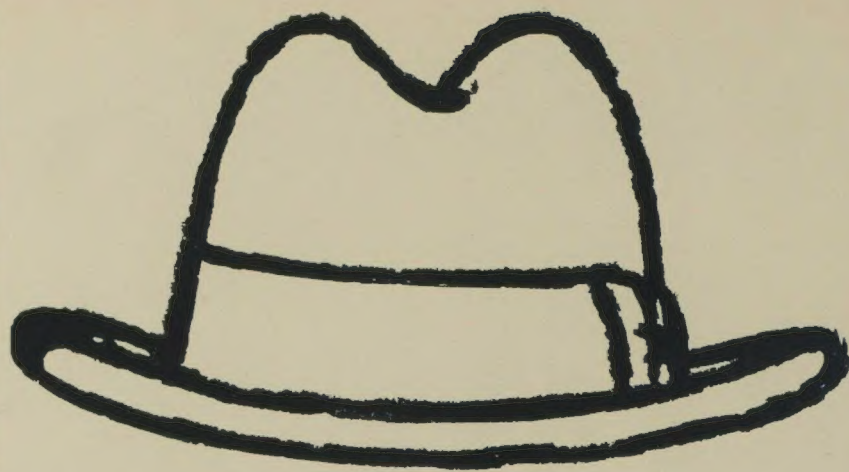
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